

PICTURES
of
LIFE & CHARACTER



By JOHN LEECH
Fifth Series.



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

Pictures of Life and Character

(FIFTH SERIES)

PICTURES of LIFE & CHARACTER



BY
JOHN LEECH

FROM THE COLLECTION OF M^r PUNCH.

FIFTH SERIES.

LONDON: BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., 8, 9, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

PLATE 19

of

THE CHARTER



JOHN DECH

THOMAS COLLECTOR OF MARCH

FIFTH SERIES

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Papa. "LUCY! HERE! HERE'S A GATE!"
Lucy. "ALL RIGHT, PAPA, DEAR. YOU GO THROUGH THE GATE. I THINK 'CRUSADER' PREFERS THE FENCE."



Hard-riding Young Lady. "CUT MISS GEORGINA DOWN THAT TIME, I FANCY, AND HAVE GOT INTO THE SAME FIELD WITH GUS!"



THE WIRE FENCE.

(Dedicated to those Farmers and others in the Shires, who use that treacherous and unsportsmanlike contrivance.)



FOR-RAD—FOR-RAD—AWAY!

Mr. Wuzzel (who the last time he weighed was Nineteen Stone, a sack of Guano, and a Barrowful of Bricks). "FOR-RAD—AWAY! OH, YES! THAT'S ALL VERY WELL—BUT NOT WITH THE COUNTRY (?) AS HEAVY AS THIS!"



Grandpapa. "HEYDAY! WHAT MAKES MY LITTLE DARLING SO CROSS?"
 Little Darling. "WHY, GRANDPA, MAMMA WANTS ME TO GO TO A PANTOMIME IN THE DAY-TIME, AS IF I WAS A MERE CHILD!"



AMUSEMENT FOR A RAINY DAY.

Clara. "I SAY, GUS—COME HERE! STAND STILL AND OPEN YOUR MOUTH, AND WE'LL DROP CHOCOLATE INTO IT. WE'VE NOTHING TO DO!"
 Gus. "ALL RIGHT, GIRLS! FIRE AWAY!"
 [After an hour of this interesting occupation, Gus retires slightly uncomfortable.]



A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

Old Gent. (with tender feet). "NOW, BOY, BE VERY CAREFUL!"
 Boy. "OH, YES, YOUR HONOUR! THESE 'ERE KNOBS 'LL TAKE A BEAUTIFUL POLISH!"



RATHER A KITCHENY WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Housemaid. "OH—BUT IT COULDN'T A BIN 'ER!"
 Cook. "I TELL YER IT WERE—SHE CALLED UPON MISSUS THIS MORN-ING, AND SHE 'AD ON A PORK PIE 'AT, AND HALF A PHEASANT STUCK IN IT!"



TOUCHING SIMPLICITY.

Little Wife (eagerly opening the door for dear Edwin). "OH, SEE, DEAR, WHAT I HAVE FOR YOU!—I'M SURE UNCLE HAS GOT YOU AN APPOINTMENT UNDER GOVERNMENT AT LAST—FOR HERE'S A LETTER MARKED IMMEDIATE, AND 'ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE!'"
 [Poor little soul! what does she know about Rates and Taxes?]



PLEASANT PROSPECT.—A DAY WITH THE STAG.

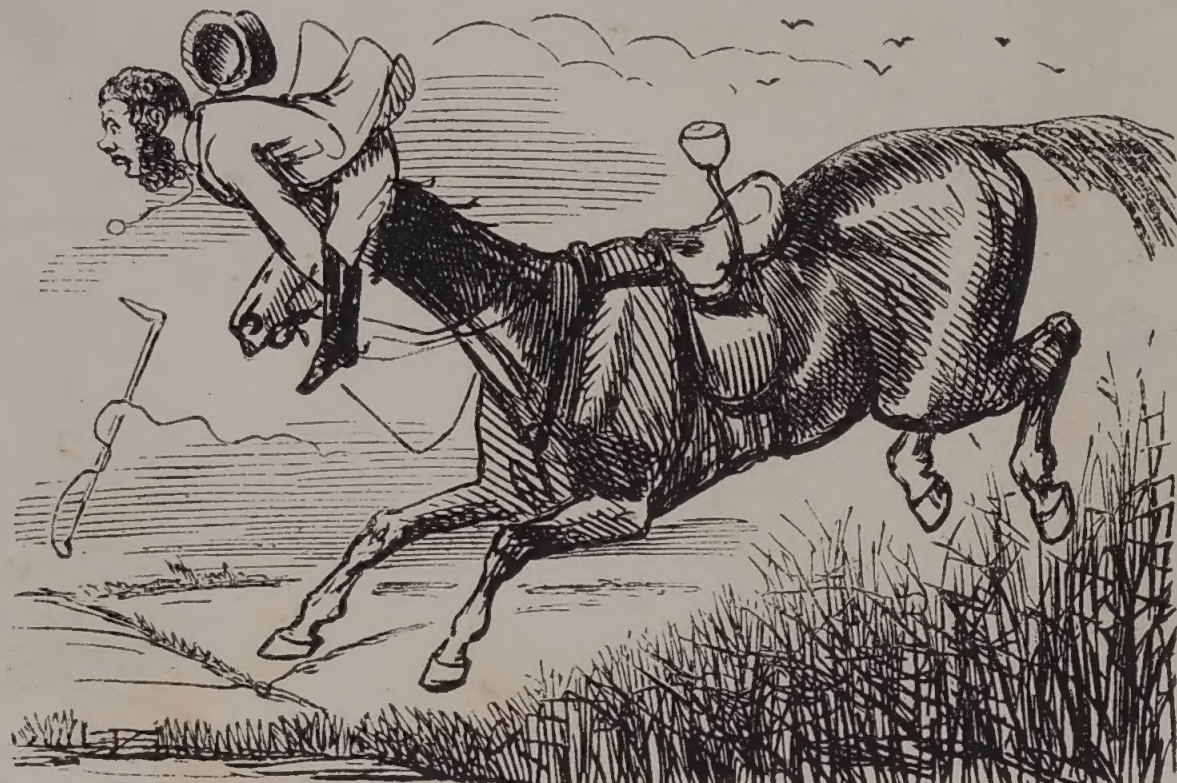
Little T. N. "SHALL YOU TAKE A SINGLE, OR RETURN?"
Friend. "WELL, I SHALL TAKE A RETURN, BECAUSE I KNOW THE HORSE I'M GOING TO RIDE,—BUT YOU'D BETTER TAKE A SINGLE AND AN INSURANCE TICKET!"



*** IT IS A BEAUTIFUL FIND, AND T. N. GETS WELL AWAY WITH THE HOUNDS. THE FIRST FIELD IS A LARGE PASTURE, AND HE AND HIS HORSE AGREE WONDERFULLY. OUR LITTLE FRIEND THINKS THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GRASS COUNTRY—UNTIL HE COMES



TO THIS PRETTY THING—OVER WHICH HE AND THE HORSE (WITH TREMENDOUS JUMPING POWER) GO, AND ENTER THE NEXT FIELD IN



THE FOLLOWING ORDER:—T. N. . . . 1
HIS HORSE 2



TOM NODDY DOESN'T TAKE HIS OWN HORSE WITH HIM, AS HE THINKS IT IS BETTER TO HIRE A HORSE ACCUSTOMED TO THE COUNTRY. THE GROOM ASSURES HIM THAT HE COULDN'T BE BETTER MOUNTED, FOR THE HORSE IS VERY FAST, WITH TREMENDOUS JUMPING POWER.



COMPLIMENTARY.

Farmer. "MORNIN', MR. BLANK! NEVER SAW YOU GO SO WELL BEFORE."
Mr. Blank. "WHY, WHAT DO YER MEAN? WE'VE NEVER FOUND A FOX!"
Farmer. "AY! BUT I MEAN SO WELL FROM COVER TO COVER, YOU KNOW!"



THE BEST ADVICE; OR THE MODERN ABERNETHY.

John B. "SUCH A TIGHTNESS IN MY CHEST."
Mr. Punch. "TIGHTNESS IN YOUR CHEST. OH! POOH, POOH, READ MY BOOK."



NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.—THE BOLD SMUGGLER WHO WALKS THE STREETS.



OYSTERS.

Itinerant Oyster Man. "NOW, THEN—HAVE ANOTHER DOZEN, IF YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE MONEY!!"



CONSEQUENCES OF THE ADMISSION OF DISSENTERS INTO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Head of House. "PRAY, SIR, MAY I ASK WHY YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ATTENDING CHAPEL?"
Sir Liabed Rattlecash. "WHY, SIR, THE FACT IS—AW—THAT—I—AW HAVE BECOME A DISSENTER."



THE RISING GENERATION.

Intellectual Juvenile. "AW—WITH REGARD TO THAT PART OF THE—AW—AW—ARGUMENT, I THINK—AW—THAT WOMAN IS DECIDEDLY—AW—AN INFERIAW—AW—ANIMAL."



THE PAPER COLLAR USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

Clara (reads). "EXCUSE, DEAREST, THE PAPER ON WHICH I WRITE—I HAVE NOT MY DESK WITH ME, SO I SEND YOU THESE FEW HURRIED LINES ON ONE OF MY COLLARS."



THE NURSERY FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.—THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON.

Master Robert (loq.). "HERE, JAMES, JUST STAND BY THAT BAY FILLY.—SHE'S RATHER FRESH THIS MORNING!"



Georgina. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY LITTLE POPPET?"

Little Poppet. "OH, AUNTY DEAR, WALTER CAN'T FIND HIS STUMPS, SO HE'S MAKING A WICKET OF MY BEST DOLL!"



THE JUVENILE PARTY.—A GREAT LIBERTY.

Juvenile. "MAMMA, DEAR! DO YOU KNOW THAT GENTLEMAN TICKLED ME WITHOUT BEING INTRODUCED!"



THE JUVENILE PARTY.

Paterfamilias (to Youth who goes with his Pony well across country). "HOLLO! HUGH, MY BOY! DON'T YOU LIKE DANCING?"

Youth. "A—NO! I DON'T SEEM TO CARE FOR BALLS—FEW HUNTING MEN DO!!!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Hostess. "NOW, MY DEAR—WILL YOU COME AND DANCE A QUADRILLE?"

Juvenile. "THA-A-NK YOU—IT'S SO MANY YEARS AGO SINCE I DANCED, THAT I WOULD RATHER BE EXCUSED, IF YOU PLEASE. IN FACT, I—AW, I HAVEN'T DANCED SINCE I WAS QUITE A BOY."



Testy Old Gent (to Butler). "CLARET! YES! PUT IT DOWN; AND PRAY, SIMPSON, DON'T BLOW UPON MY HEAD SO."



THE RISING GENERATION.

Father. "IN SHORT, YOU ARE RUINING YOURSELF AND EVERYBODY BELONGING TO YOU BY YOUR EXTRAVAGANCE AND DISSIPATION."

Juvenile. "WHY, YA—AS, THERE'S A GREAT DEAL OF—AW—TRUTH IN WHAT YOU SAY; BUT THE FACT IS, MY DEAR SIR, THAT I AM, REALLY—AW—SUCH A CREATURE OF IMPULSE—THAT—AW—THAT—AW—" (*Explanation dies away.*)



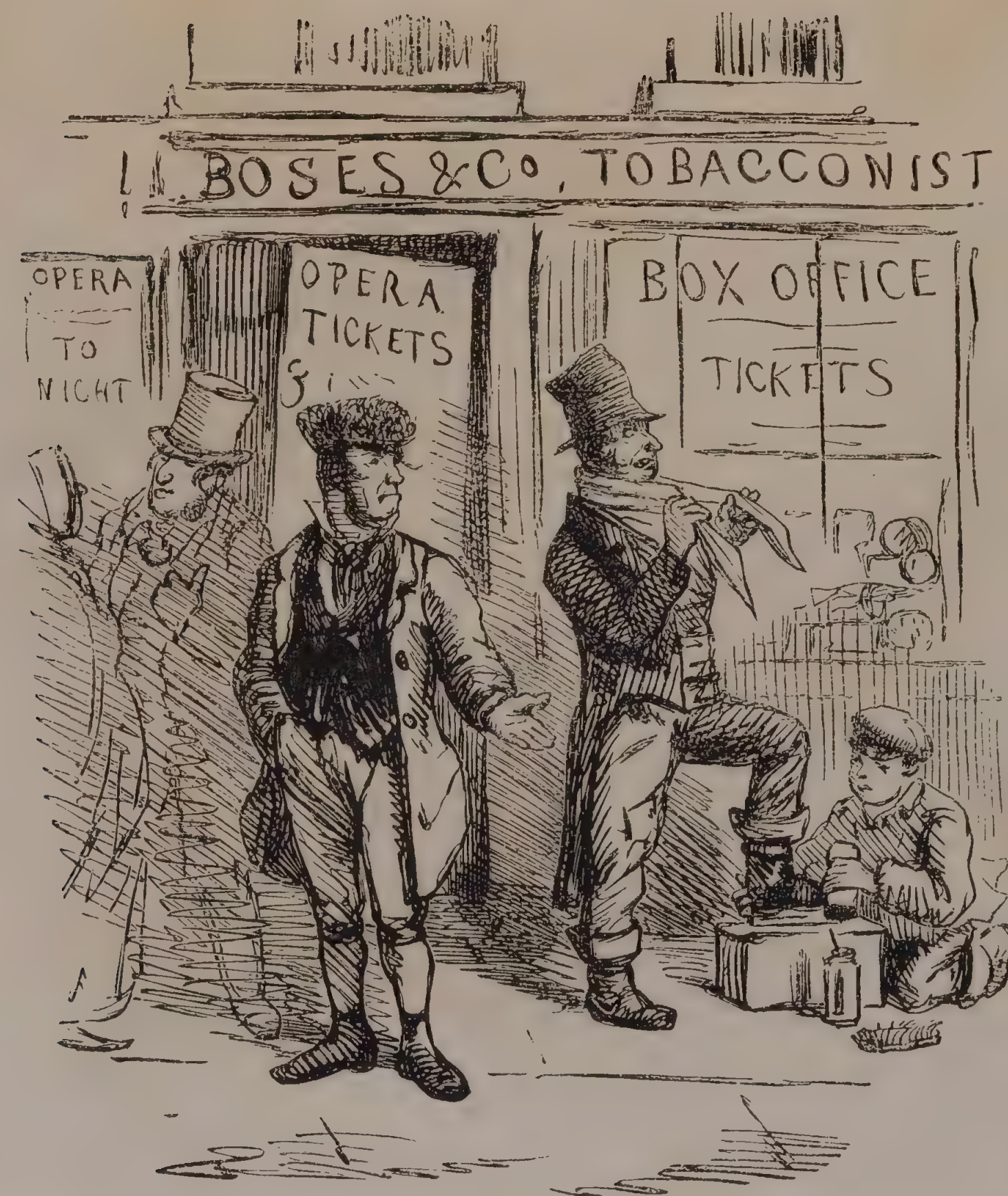
THE SOCIAL TREADMILL.—THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.



Dean. "WELL, SIR?"
Small University man (under the impression that he has irritated the Dean by his conspicuous moustachios). "I BELIEVE YOU WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME, SIR, ABOUT—ABOUT—MY MOUSTACHIOS!"
Dean. "SOME MISTAKE, SIR! I DIDN'T PERCEIVE THAT YOU HAD ANY!"



THE SICK BACHELOR.



OPERA FOR THE MILLION.

One of the Million. "NOW, THEN, 'ENERY, COME ALONG! WE SHALL LOSE THE HOVERTURE!"
Another Ditto. "WHY, WOT A PRECIOUS 'URRY YOU'RE IN. CAN'T YER WAIT TILL A COVE'S DRESSED?"



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.—ALL FAIR IN LEAP YEAR.



BRIGHTON.

Georgina. "DO YOU KNOW, DEAR, I'M SO UNHAPPY NOW DEAR CHARLES HAS GONE TO TOWN!"
Gertrude. "AND I MISS DEAR PERCY DREADFULLY—I DO HOPE THEY'LL GET HOME SAFELY!"
[We wonder what dear CHARLES and dear PERCY would say, if they saw you eating Turtle at Mutton's, you little humbugs!]



Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, TELL ME THE TIME."
Crusty old Gent. "YES, SIR—BED-TIME."



MR. PUNCH—A SPECIAL PLEADER.



Costermonger. "NOW, MISTER, I WANTS MY DELICACY OF TOUCH RESTORED, AND THE SEAL OF HELEGANCE IMPRESSED UPON MY BUNCH OF FIVES!"



THE SNOW.

"NOW, YOU BOYS HAD BETTER BE QUIET, OR I SHALL CALL THE POLICE, AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN."



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

1st Fast Man. "PUNCH' IS VERY DUMMY AND SLOW THIS WEEK, I THINK."

2nd Fast Man. "SO DO I. IT'S THEIR OWN FAULT, TOO, FOR I SENT 'EM SOME DEUCED FUNNY ARTICLES, WHICH THE HUMBUGS SENT BACK."

1st Fast Man. "THAT'S JUST THE WAY THEY SERVED ME—THE GREAT FOOLS!"



Professional Man.—"AH! IT'S VERY LUCKY YOU CAME TO ME IN TIME.—YOU SEE, MA'AM, YOU HAVE HAD INFLAMMATION OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES, WHICH, ACTING UPON THE FLEXOR LONGUS DIGITORUM PEDIS, HAS OCCASIONED AN ABRASION OF THE DIGASTRICUS, OR, AS SOME CALL IT, THE BIVENTER MAXILLÆ INFERIORIS; AND WHICH MIGHT HAVE ENDED IN CONFIRMED DELIRIUM TREMENS, OR EVEN PREMATURE ELEPHANTIASIS. HOWEVER, I DARE SAY, &c., &c., &c.—(Old Lady gasps for breath.)"



THE DOCILE HUSBAND.



Federal Malingerer (in robust Health, to English Officer whom he meets at a New York Hotel). "WAL, SIR! YOU SEE MY LEAVE CAVED LAST WEEK, BUT I AIN'T GOIN BACK YET. I'VE GOT GASTRIC FEVER NOW, AND GUESS NEXT MONTH I'LL HAVE SMALL-POX!"

English Officer (rather taken aback). "GASTRIC FEVER—AND SMALL-POX! REALLY I DON'T UNDERSTAND!"

Federal Malingerer. "WHY! WAY'S THIS. I GO TO A CIVILIAN DOCTOR, AND TELL HIM I WANT A MONTH'S SICK LEAVE—AND I JUST GIVE HIM TWENTY DOLLARS, SO HE CERTIFIES I'M SICK, AND GOES TO AN ARMY DOCTOR WHO CERTIFIES IT IS SO. I GIT MY LEAVE, AND THE TWO DOCTORS TROUSER THE DOLLARS BETWEEN 'EM!"

Spits, and cuts a fresh plug of Tobacco.



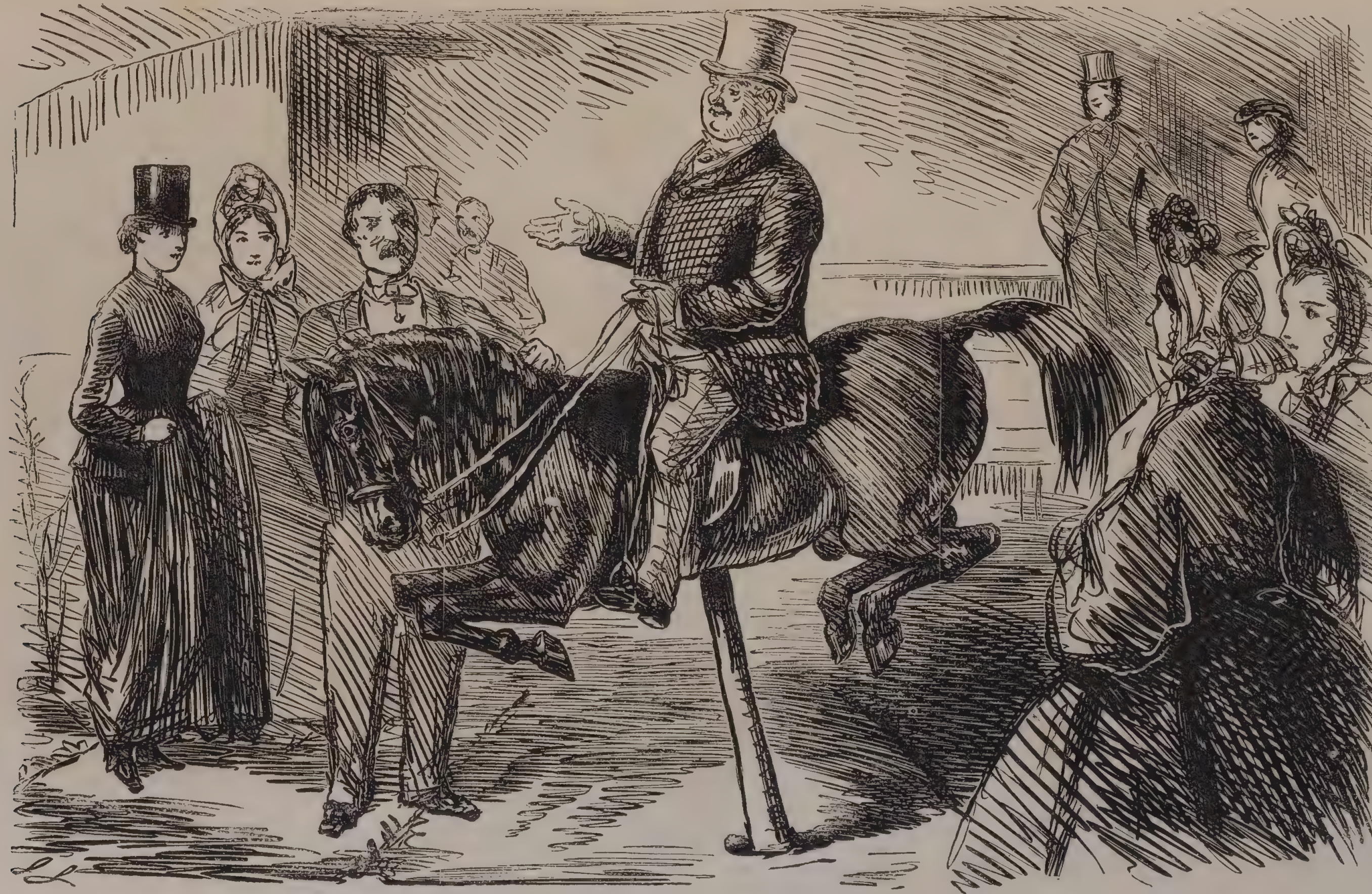
THE MODERN GOVERNESS.—A YOUNG LADY'S IDEA OF THE USE OF CRINOLINE.



THE STICKLEBACK POACHERS DETECTED.

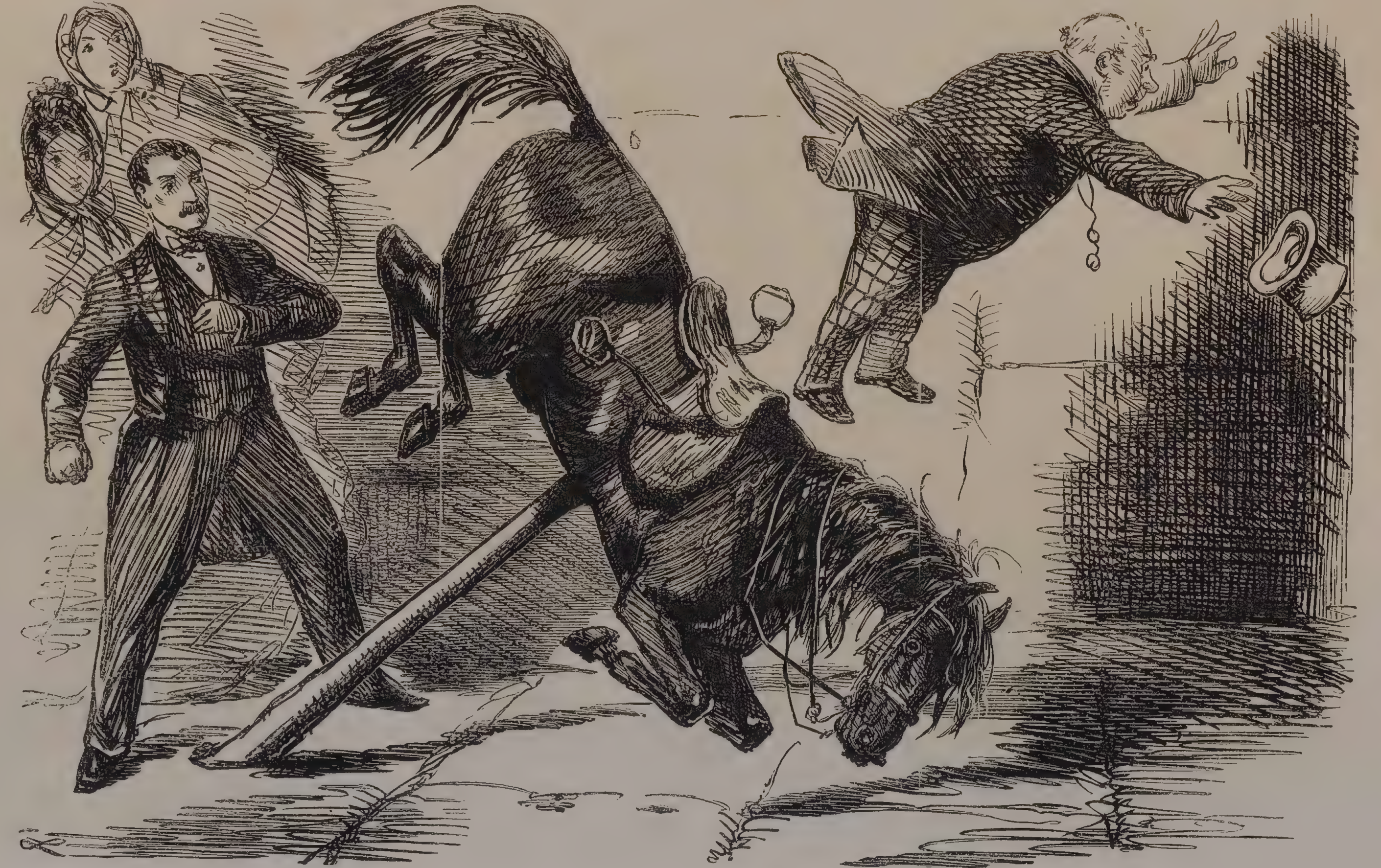
A SKETCH ON THE SERPENTINE.

(Mem.—WE THOUGHT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER IF THE PARK-KEEPER HAD LOOKED AFTER THE ROUGHS AND THEIR YELPING DOGS, WHO RUSH AFTER THE HORSES IN THE RIDE, INSTEAD OF INTERFERING WITH THESE POOR LITTLE ANGLERS.)



OUR FRIEND B. GOES WITH A PARTY TO SEE THE MECHANICAL HORSE.

HE OF COURSE TRIES ITS POWERS. FIRST, THE SLOW AND GENTLE MOVEMENT!—



AND THEN THE QUICK AND STRONG!



MR. BRIGGS CONTINUES HIS HORSE-TAMING EXPERIMENTS.

TO SHOW WHAT PERFECT CONTROL HE HAS OVER HIS ANIMAL, HE SEATS HIMSELF ON ITS BACK WITH HIS FACE TO ITS TAIL, AND—SUDDENLY OPENS AN UMBRELLA!



OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND BR—GGS, WHO HAS BECOME VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE HORSE HE RIDES, PURCHASES ONE OF THOSE EXTRAORDINARY COBS, UP TO WEIGHT, WARRANTED NEVER TO TRIP NOR SHY, AND WHICH ARE SO INVALUABLE TO AN ELDERLY OR A TIMID RIDER! THE ANIMAL HAS, HOWEVER, AMONGST A FEW OTHER PLAYFUL PECULIARITIES, A HABIT OF TRYING TO JAM HIS RIDER'S LEG AGAINST THE WALL, TO SAY NOTHING OF WALKING ABOUT ON HIS HIND LEGS, AS IF HE WERE A BIPED!

[Tableau. Mr. B. as he appeared on the pavement.



REAL TRAGEDY.

Old Party (proprietor of nasty yapping Pet Dog). "OH, POLICEMAN! MY DARLING FLO JUST BIT THAT HORRID MAN'S LEG, AND HE HAS HIT HIM WITH HIS CANE."



SCENE.—OMNIBUS DRAWN BY QUADRUPEDS WITH PROMINENT RIBS.

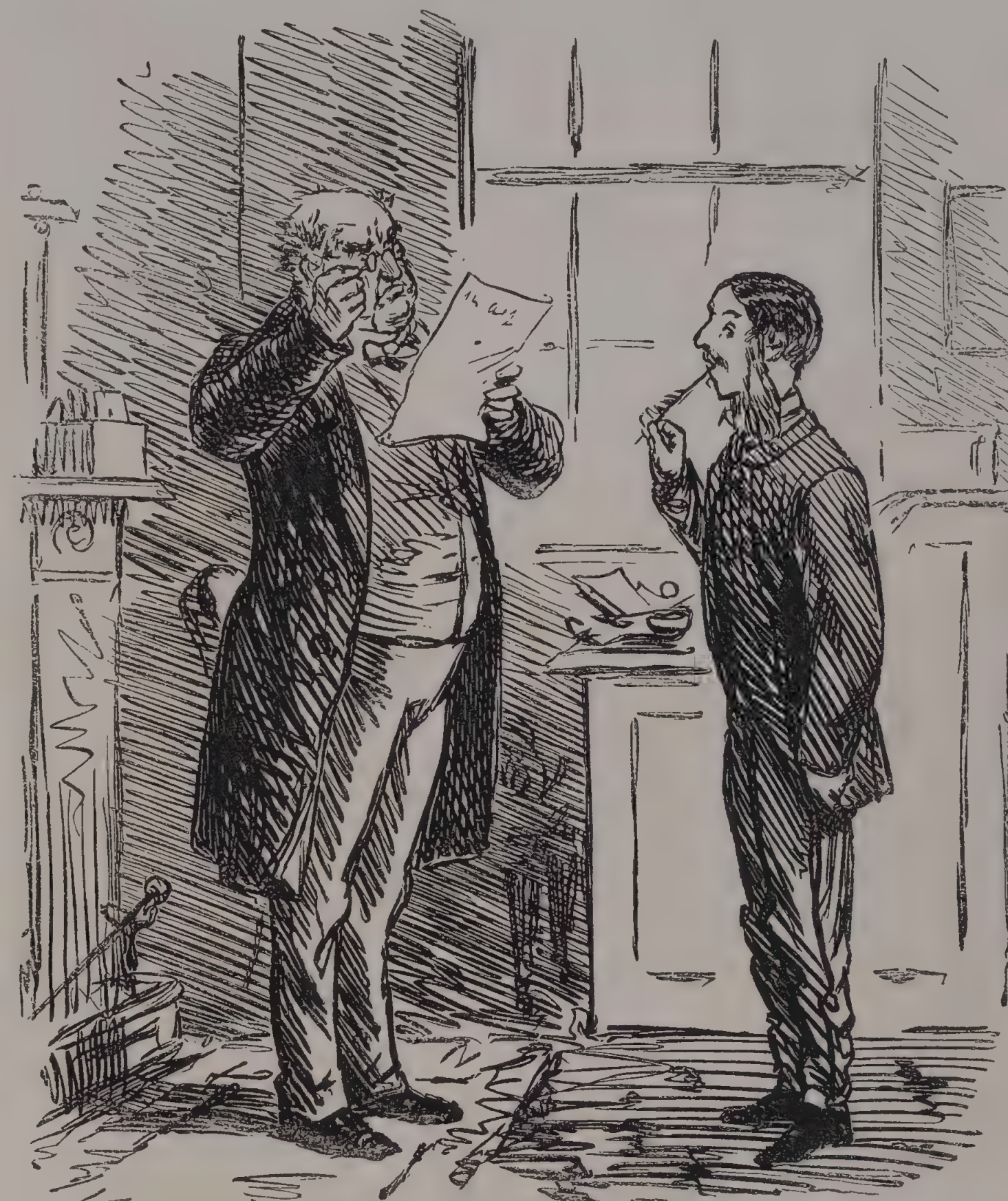
Gent. "OH, AH! AND WHAT DO YOU FEED THE HORSES ON?"
Driver. "BUTTER-TUBS—DON'T YER SEE THE HOOPS?"



GREENWICH FAIR AS IT USED TO BE.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.



Infuriated Principal, opening Fast Clerk's telegram by mistake (reads). "TOM TIT SURE TO WIN—TELEGRAPH AND SAY IF YOU WILL HAVE PONY ON—IF SO, SEND CASH TO-DAY!"



CRICKET—THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

"GOOD MATCH, OLD FELLOW?"
"OH YES, AWFULLY JOLLY!"
"WHAT DID YOU DO?"
"I'AD A HOVER OF JACKSON; THE FIRST BALL 'IT ME ON THE 'AND; THE SECOND 'AD ME ON THE KNEE; THE THIRD WAS IN MY EYE; AND THE FOURTH BOWLED ME OUT."

[Jolly game.



RAILWAY GRIEVANCE.

DREADFUL OLD FEMALE, WHO, ALTHOUGH SHE WOULD BE HORRIFIED AT THE IDEA OF A CIGAR IN A CARRIAGE, SOLACES HERSELF BY CONSUMING NO END OF PEPPERMINT LOZENGES DURING HER JOURNEY.



Jones (who has accepted a mount with the Harriers, because it is all galloping and no obstacles). "OH, YES, LET HIM COME! THAT'S ALL VERY WELL. WHY, IT'S LIKE THE SIDE OF A HOUSE."



EXPRESS.

Old Gent. "THIS OSCILLATION IS VERY UNUSUAL, SIR, ISN'T IT? WE SEEM TO BE GOING A TREMENDOUS PACE!"
Swell. "AW—YA—AS! THEY'RE MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME. I'VE JUST TIMED 'EM, AND WE'VE DONE THE LAST NINE MILES IN SIX MINUTES AND A HALF. HAVE A SMASH, PRESENTLY, AW—THINK!"



Old Party (reads). "CRYSTAL PALACE—THIS DAY—FÊTE OF THE AMATEUR GYMNASTIC SOCIETY,—THAT'S THE HOLIDAY FOR ME!"



THE FROZEN-OUT FOX-HUNTER.

SPORTING MILITAIRE RECALLS TO MIND HIS CANADIAN EXPERIENCES (THE GROUND BEING DEEP WITH SNOW), BUILDS A TREBOGIN, AND FOR THE MOMENT CEASES TO SWEAR AT THE FROST, OR TO REGRET THE SIX HUNTERS HE HAS EATING THEIR HEADS OFF IN THE STABLE.



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Housemaid. "DRAT THE BOTHERING CHINA CUPS AND THINGS. THEY BE ALWAYS A-KNOCKING UP AGAINST ONE'S CRINOLINE."



AT THE OPERA.



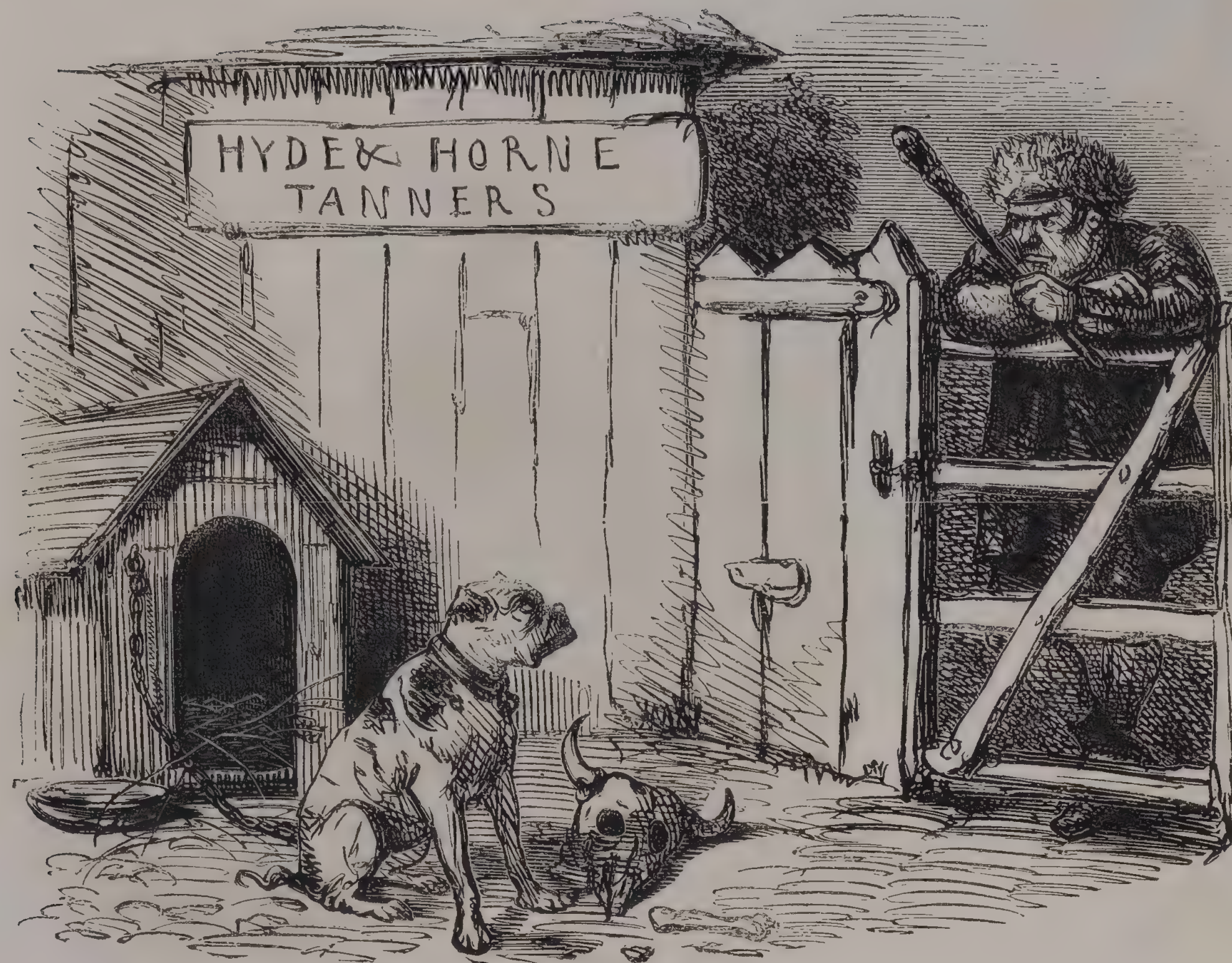
NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTERS.

"PLEASE, SIR, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "I SAY, CHARLEY, THAT'S A JEUCED FINE GURL TALKING TO YOUNG FIPPS. I SHOULD LIKE TO CATCH HER UNDER THE MISTLETOE."



TU QUOQUE.

Human. "HAH! YOU'D BE A NICE CUSTOMER TO MEET ON THE LOOSE, ANYWHERE AFTER DARK, YOU WOULD!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Young Lady. "NOW, THEN, YOU TIRESOME BOY—WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO SAY THAT SO NEARLY CONCERNS YOUR HAPPINESS?"
Juvenile. "WHY, I LOVE YER, AND I CAN'T BE APPY WITHOUT YER."



INNOCENCE.

Gentleman. "SEED A LITTLE DOG, MA'RM! NO, MA'RM. THIS HERE'S THE HONLY DOG I'VE SEED TO DAY, AND HE DON'T ANSWER TO THE NAME OF FIDO."



PLEASANT.

Friend (to Novice at Salmon Fishing). "I SAY, OLD BOY, MIND HOW YOU WADE; THERE ARE SOME TREMENDOUS HOLES, FOURTEEN OR FIFTEEN FEET DEEP."



SALMON FISHING.

Piscator. "FOLLOW HIM UP! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY FOLLOW HIM UP!"



JOLLY ANGLERS.

OLD FLOAT AND TOM GENTLE DON'T GET ANY BITES, SO THEY LAND ON AN ISLAND TO HAVE A QUIET SMOKE—THEY SUDDENLY DISCOVER THAT THE ROPE HAS SLIPPED, AND THE BOAT IS DRIFTING DOWN THE RIVER! (No one near for miles.)



SALMON FISHING!

Friend (on the bank). "WELL, JACK! HAVE YOU HAD PRETTY GOOD SPORT?"
Jack. "SPORT! IF YOU CALL IT SPORT TO HAVE NO WATER AND NO FISH, AND TO PAY NINETY POUNDS FOR THREE WEEKS OF IT, I'VE HAD PLENTY!"



THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT (?) IN GUARDS' CAPS. WHAT NEXT?



MR. PUNCH PAYS A FINAL VISIT TO THE CAMP, AND TAKES OFF HIS HAT TO A RATHER GLORIOUS OLD RAG.



NOTHING LIKE SYSTEM.

"AW! PUMMELL, WHAT DO I OWE YOU?"
 "OH! NOT MUCH, SIR. IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE."
 "AW! NO! BUT I THINK OF TAKING THE BENEFIT OF THE ACT ABOUT CHRISTMAS; AND AS A MAN OF SYSTEM, I AM VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT EXACT AMOUNTS."



AN OPINION BACKED BY SOMETHING LIKE AN AUTHORITY.

"THE 'TIMES' IS QUITE RIGHT IN SAYING THEY SHOULD SEND MEN OUT AND NOT BOYS."—1855.



Inflamed Militia Man. "TALK O' TH' ROOSHANS! THERE! DANG'D IF I WOULDN'T MOW 'EM DOWN FOR A SHILLIN' AN ACRE!"



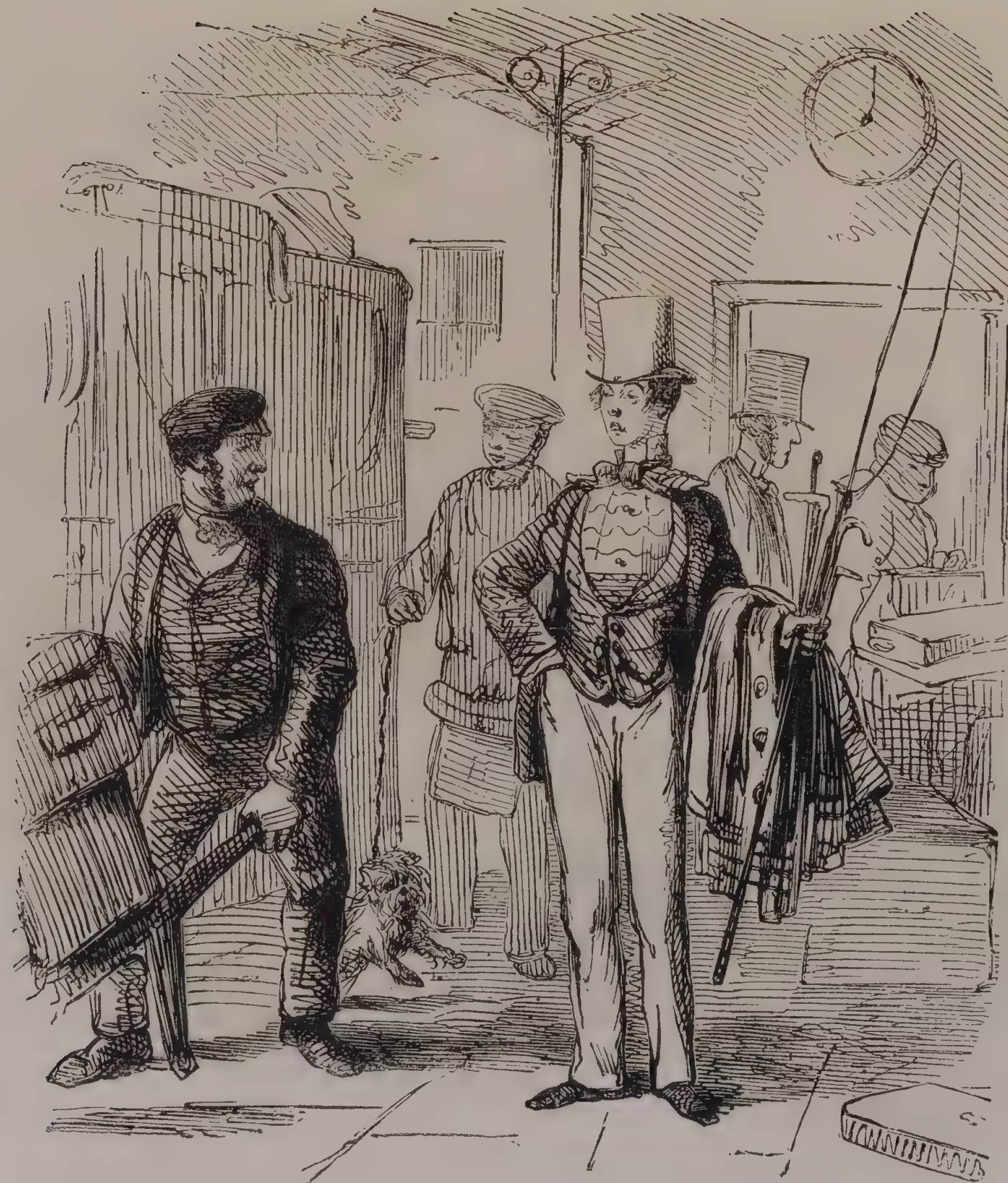
JUDICIOUS!

"STAND ON MY HEAD, MARM, FOR A PENNY."
 "NO, LITTLE BOY—THERE IS A PENNY FOR KEEPING RIGHT END UPWARDS."



THE WEINBRUNNEN-SCHWALBACH.

AND A LIBERTY TAKEN WITH SEVERAL CROWNED HEADS.



FOWLER, OF ST. ANDREW'S.

Fowler. "WHAT LUGGAGE? OH! AH! I'VE TWO FORTMANTEAUS—ONE CARPET-BAG—A DWESSING CASE—TWO HAT BOXES—A FISHING-WOD—GUN—CASE, AND A SCOTCH TAWYER DORG."



OH! DON'T.



THE GREAT EXETER HALL TRIUMPH.

First Publican. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, BILL—THEY'VE BIN AN' STOPPED THE BANDS PLAYING IN THE PARKS!"
Second Do. "WELL DONE OUR SIDE—WE WIN—WE SHOULD HAVE SHUT UP SHOP ELSE. SO 'ERE'S THE HARCHBISHOP'S JOLLY GOOD 'ELTH!"



BOARD AND LODGING.

Landlady. "YES, SIR, THE BOARD WERE CERTINGLY TO BE A GUINEA A WEEK, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW AS YOU WAS A-GOING TO BATHE IN THE SEA BEFORE BREAKFAST, AND TAKE BOTTLES OF TONIC DURING THE DAY!"



THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL METHOD OF BRUSHING THE HAIR WITH MACHINERY.



THE BELLE OF THE MONTH.

TAKING A "CONSTITUTIONAL" IN KENSINGTON GARDENS. TIME 8 A.M.



A HINT TO JOBMASTERS.—THE SUBURBAN FLYMAN.

Maid. "OH, COACHMAN! MISSUS SAY, YOU'RE TO COVER YOURSELF WITH THIS RUG, AND NOT TO MOVE OFF THE BOX; BECAUSE YOUR GAITERS AND LEGS AND THINGS ARE REALLY SO VERY SHOCKING."



A FLUNKY IN TROUBLE.

John Thomas. "HOLLO! COACHMAN! MR. BLINKERS! STOP! HERE'S A COSTERMONGER'S DONKEY GOT HOLD OF MY LEG, AND PULLING THE HAY OUT THAT I'VE PUT IN FOR CALVES!"



FLUNKEIANA.

John Thomas Gorgeous. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, COOK! I'M A'MOST WORE OUT WITH THEM LEGS O' MUTTON AND LEGS O' PORK, AND I THINK IT'S 'IGH TIME SOME NEW HANIMAL WAS INVENTED!"



FLUNKEIANA.

Housemaid. "JAMES! DON'T YOU HEAR YOUR LIBERY BELL A-RINGING?"
James. "BOTHER THE LIBERY BELL! I AIN'T GOING TO ANSWER NO LIBERY BELLS—IT'S MY SUNDAY OUT, AND I'M AT CHURCH!"



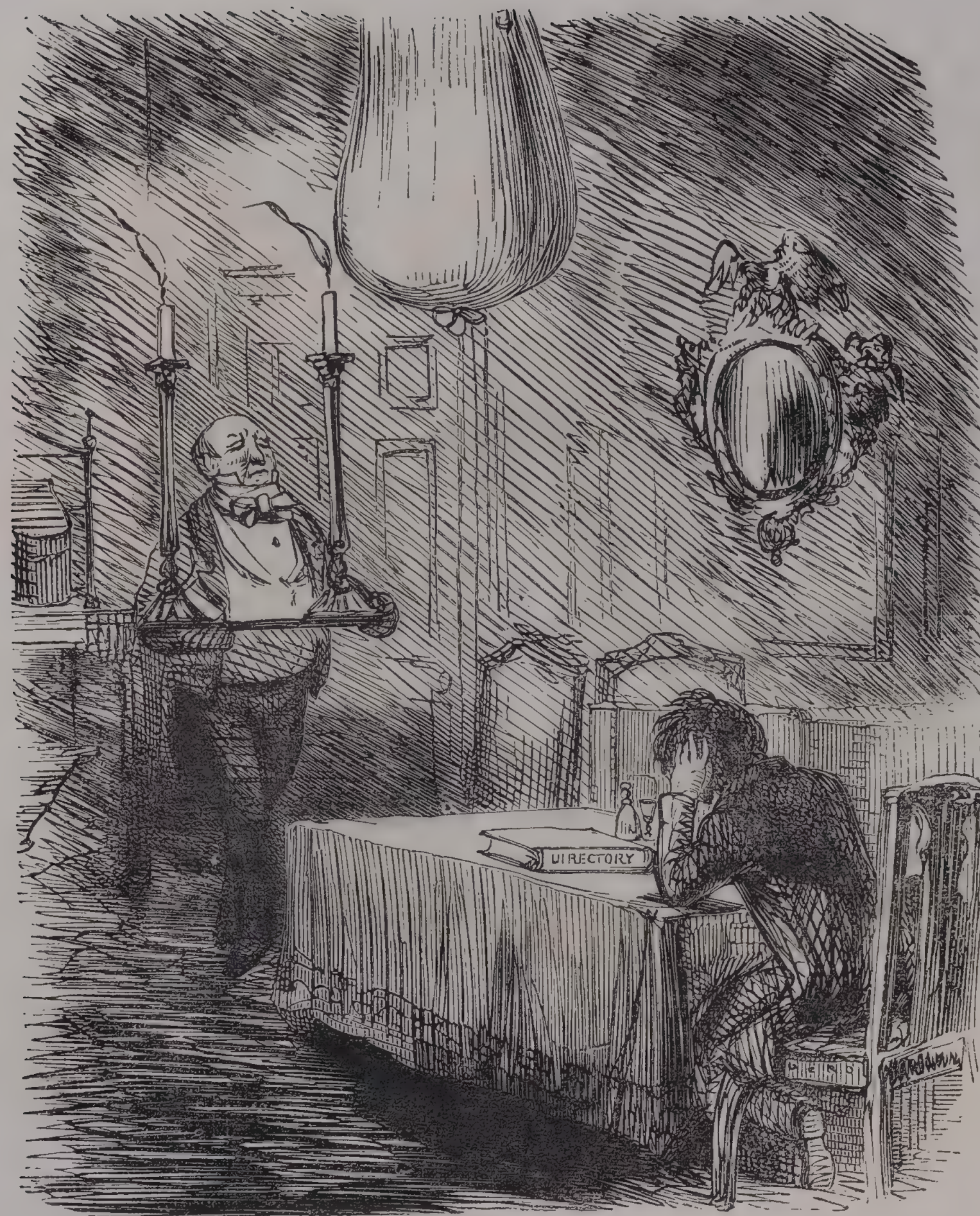
"THE PRISON WALTZ."



THE BALCONY NUISANCE.



THE TEUTONIC SERENADERS.



THE WAX-LIGHT MYSTERY.



A POOR DELICATE CREATURE.



AN INTERESTING COUPLE AT THE EXHIBITION.

THEY CAN'T THINK WHERE MAMMA CAN HAVE GOT TO—THEY HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR HER EVERYWHERE.
[N.B. The most remote Refreshment-room selected.]



TO SIT UPON A CHAIR, AND HAVE ONE'S HORSE HELD, IS NOW A VEWY FASHIONABLE WAY OF WIDING IN "WOTTON WOW."



RETURN FROM THE RACES—BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

English Stable-boy (to his Pal). "I SAY, JONES, ISN'T IT A PITY MOUNSEER HAS NOT GOT ANOTHER HAND FOR THE WHIP?"



THAT AWFUL SWELL PERCY DE GOSLING FINDS HIMSELF BY ACCIDENT AT BRIGHTON ON WHIT-MONDAY. HIS NERVES HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY SHOCKED. ALREADY HE HAS BEEN ASKED IF HE WANTED ANY TEA-ACCOMMODATION; AND NOW A BOATMAN REQUESTS HIM TO "JINE THIS PARTY, AND MAKE UP THE 'ARF DOZEN FOR A ROW."



BRIGHTON JEWELS.



SOAP-BUBBLES.



Farming Uncle. "YOU DON'T SEE SUCH MUCK AS THIS IN LONDON, BEN?"
Cockney Nephew. "OH, DON'T WE, THOUGH. YOU SHOULD SEE EATON SQUARE!"



THE FATAL PHOTOGRAPH.

Will. "ARE YOU IN EARNEST? IF SO, HEAR ME, SAPPY."
Sapp. "I'VE HEARD ENOUGH AND SEEN TOO MUCH ALREADY—HENCEFORTH WE MEET—"



AN OBJECT OF SINCERE PITY.



WHILE THEY ARE ABOUT IT, THE AUTHORITIES HAD BETTER SEND A FEW SPECIAL CONSTABLES DOWN TO BRIGHTON, WHERE THEY ARE QUITE AS FUNNY AS THEY ARE AT GUILDFORD ON GUY FAWKES DAY—INDEED, THE FUN SOMETIMES REACHES TO THE PITCH OF AN IDLE YOUNG RUFFIAN SENDING A CHILD INTO CONVULSIONS WITH A HIDEOUS MASK!



"BLESS YOU! BLESS YOU!"



HOW WOULD IT BE WITHOUT CRINOLINE?—TRY IT FOR 1864.



PICKED UP FROM THE BEACH.

Old Salt (who has got sixpence a piece out of the children). "THERE, MY DEARS, YOU'VE GOT A KITTEN FOR A SHILLUN' AS HAD OUGHT TO 'A BIN SEVIN-AND-SIXPENCE AT LEAST; AND IF YOU'LL MEET ME HERE TO-MORROW AT THE SAME TIME, YOU SHALL HAVE SUCH A BOAT FOR A HALF-A-CROWN AS YOU COULDN'T GET AT A SHOP FOR FIVE BOB!"



A LUCID EXPLANATION.

"WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER WITH THE 'MAGIC,' CHARLES?"
"WHY, YOU SEE, DEAR, TOM PUT HIS HELM DOWN RATHER TOO QUICK, AND SHE MISSED STAYS AND WENT ASHORE, AND THEY ARE NOW MAULING THE JIB A-WEATHER TO LET HER FILL AND PAY OFF."



DREADFUL DESTITUTION.

1st. "MY DEAR FRANK—WHAT IS THE MATTER, OLD BOY?"
2nd. "OH! I AM DISTRESSED TO DEATH ABOUT MONEY MATTERS—I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHALL DO? WHY, HERE'S JENNY LIND COMING OUT ON THURSDAY, AND I POSITIVELY HAVEN'T THE MONEY TO PAY FOR A BOX!"



THE CRINOLINE STORM SIGNAL; A WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES AT THE SEA-SIDE.



A MERMAID.



TASTE.

Shop-girl (who has been expected to possess TENNYSON'S "Miller's Daughter"). "NO, MISS! WE'VE NOT GOT THE MILLER'S—BUT HERE'S THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER, JUST PUBLISHED!!"

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PUNCH, &c.—FIFTH SERIES.

SCENE V.—THE PET IS LOST, AND MRS. BAKER GOES IN SEARCH OF HIM, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF JAMES SPRIGGLES.

MR. BAKER has gone to the City. MRS. BAKER is surprised that SCAMP does not make his appearance as usual. Enter SPRIGGLES, looking hot and sad.



Mrs. Baker. "OH, JAMES! WHERE'S SCAMP?"
Spriggles (struggling with the melancholy tidings). "WELL, 'M—SCAMP, 'M? WHY, PLEASE, 'M, WE 'AVEN'T NONE ON US SEEN ANYTHINK OF 'IM TO-DAY, 'M."
Mrs. Baker (alarmed). "NOT SEEN HIM, JAMES?"
Spriggles. "NO, 'M, NOR 'EARD HIM LAST NIGHT, 'M."

SCENE VI.—THE PET IS FOUND AGAIN, TO THE DEEP DISGUST OF MR. BAKER, WHO FLATTERED HIMSELF THE HOUSE WAS RID OF HIM, AND HAD BECOME QUITE CHEERFUL AGAIN IN CONSEQUENCE.

Two mysterious individuals of the CHALKER stamp are seen coming cautiously towards MRS. BAKER. One carries a bag. SCAMP, excited by the voice of his beloved Mistress, indulges in whines and contortions in his bag. MRS. BAKER pays away all her silver. The MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUALS shake the bag. SCAMP tumbles out. The Individuals disappear. SCAMP executes a pas, expressive of joy, round his Mistress, who, in her delight at finding him again, forgets her terror, and the unmerciful way she has been cleaned out. SPRIGGLES appears with the remains of a grin playing about his features. Scene closes.



Mysterious Individual No. 2 (coarsely). "OH, STASH THAT! WE DON'T WANT NO GAMMON, OLD LADY. FORK OUT! [MRS. BAKER pays away all her gold.] COME, WE AIN'T A-GOIN' WITHOUT YOUR STANDING SOMETHIN', YOU KNOW, MARM."
Mrs. Baker. "OH, I'M SURE I WILL BE HAPPY TO STAND ANYTHING. HERE."

SCENE VII.—THE PET HAVING BEEN RECOVERED AND REINSTALLED, MR. BAKER HAS RESIGNED HIMSELF. BUT, WITH ALL HIS EFFORTS TO CONTROL HIS FEELINGS, AS A MAN AND A HUSBAND, THE PET IS OCCASIONALLY TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

MRS. FIDGETTS (of 3, Albert Villas, Notting Hill,) calls on MRS. BAKER. MRS. FIDGETTS, bearing her Baby, is seen to rush through the front garden, closely pursued by SCAMP; who, in his turn, is pursued by SPRIGGLES, who succeeds in capturing the Pet just as he has got a corner of the Baby's long clothes in his mouth, and is about to improve the opportunity.



Mrs. Fidgetts (shrieking). "OH! HERE'S THAT DREADFUL DOG, AGAIN! OH, MY BABY!—HE'LL HAVE MY BABY!—OH—HOW CAN YOU, MRS. BAKER! OH!—TAKE HIM AWAY—DO!"

SCENE IX.—MRS. BAKER AND SCAMP SPEND A WEEK WITH HER FRIENDS, THE BULBERRIES, AT "THE MYRTLES," NEAR DORKING. THE PET SIGNALISES HIS LAST DAY AT "THE MYRTLES." The Breakfast-Room at "The Myrtles." The BULBERRY Family in conclave. MRS. BAKER, overwhelmed, sinks into a chair. SCAMP wags his tail in a cheerful and innocent manner.—Scene closes.



Thomson (triumphantly). "THAT DOG'S BEEN AND GONE AND DONE IT NOW, MA'AM, I THINK!"
Mrs. Bulberry (pointing to the victims). "THERE, MRS. BAKER! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR PRECIOUS PET, NOW?"

SCENE VIII.—THE PET ON AN EXCURSION.

MR. BAKER, having a week's holiday, has gallantly proposed to MRS. BAKER a pleasure Excursion to the Isle of Wight. Interior of a first-class carriage, with the Train in motion. By one of those strokes of good fortune reserved for pleasure Excursionists, MR. and MRS. BAKER and the IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN find themselves occupants of the same Carriage. SCAMP announces his presence and his want of air by a succession of whines and uneasy movements, and escapes from MRS. BAKER'S arms. The Train stops. The IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN rushes out in a state of fury, followed by the equally furious MR. BAKER, the joyous SCAMP, and the agonised and conscience-stricken MRS. BAKER.



Irritable Elderly Gentleman. "HOLLO—HOY (to Railway Policeman)—CATCH THAT DOG. I'VE A COMPLAINT—WHERE'S THE STATION MASTER?—UNDER THE BYE-LAWS—IT 'S A DOG—(the Railway Policeman, No. 1, has caught SCAMP.)—HERE, I GIVE THIS MAN INTO CUSTODY."

MRS. BAKER'S PET.

SHOWING HOW SHE CAME BY IT; THE HOLD IT ESTABLISHED ON HER AFFECTIONS; THE SERIOUS NUISANCE IT BECAME TO MR. BAKER; HIS GENERALLY BRUTAL CONDUCT IN RESPECT TO IT; AND ITS ULTIMATE INFLUENCE ON THE FAMILY RELATIONS OF MR. AND MRS. B.

SCENE I.—MRS. BAKER PURCHASES A PET.

Place—Regent Street. Time—Two P.M.

The usual Loungers and Passengers.—MR. CHIFFINS, a quiet man, with an expression of face half horse-jockey, half field-preacher, and a dress compounded of the prize-fighter, gentleman's groom, and gamekeeper, is walking up and down; a resplendent "King Charles" under one arm, a preternaturally clean Poodle under the other, and a knot of soi-disant Skye Terriers, questionable Spaniels, and extremely uncomfortable Italian Greyhounds, in a string, about his feet. MRS. BAKER has been out shopping. She has recently lost a favourite Cat, and the vacuum left by the bereavement is not yet filled up. She has always had a tenderness for dumb animals.



Mr. Chiffins (whose experienced eye has detected MRS. BAKER'S weak point). "NICE DOG, MARM! KING CHAWLS, MA'AM—THERE'S EARS, MA'AM—EKAL TO FLOSS SILK—(continuing to walk by the side of MRS. BAKER, who tries not to betray her sensibility)—OR A POODLE, MARM?—DO ANYTHINK BUT SPEAK. BUYS BUNS, MARM, AND LEAVES THE PENNY ON THE COUNTER AS NAT'RAL AS A CHRISTIAN. OR, IF YOU'D LIKE A SKYE TERRIER, MARM, THERE'S A PICTUR'! CAN'T SEE OUT OF HIS EYE FOR 'AIR, AND A COAT AS SWEEPS THE GROUND. AH! YOU'RE A-LOOKING AT THAT ITALIAN GREYHOUND, MARM, I CAN SEE; HE IS A BEAUTY. ONLY FOUR POUND, MARM. COME, WHAT DO YOU SAY FOR ONE ON 'EM? MAKE ME AN OFFER, NOW. BLESS YOU, MARM, NAME YOUR FIGGER."

Mrs. Baker (who feels strongly inclined towards the extremely hybrid animal about which MR. CHIFFINS is so enthusiastic). "WHAT'S HIS NAME?"

Mr. Chiffins. "SCAMP, MARM, IS THE NAME I 'AD WITH HIM—LEASTWAYS FROM THE PARTY I BOUGHT HIM OV."

SCENE II.—THE PET'S FIRST NIGHT IN HIS NEW HOME.

Place—The Dining Room at No. 6, Blossom Terrace, Bayswater. Time—Five, P.M.

MRS. BAKER is awaiting the arrival of SCAMP from Regent Street, and of MR. B. from the City—with more anxiety, it must be confessed, for the Dog than the Husband. The table is laid for dinner. A ring is heard at the back door. Enter MR. CHIFFINS, bringing in with him a strong smell of dog, and anise-seed. He carries SCAMP under his arm. He pauses on the door-mat, and touches his forelock respectfully. MR. BAKER'S latch-key is heard in the lock, followed by his step in the Lobby. As he closes the door behind him, SCAMP rushes out from his retreat, and planting himself in the Dining-room doorway, commences an infuriated assault of barks and springs, meant for the inoffensive and astonished BAKER, but which have all the appearance of being directed against MARY, who is entering at the moment with the dinner-plates. MARY drops the plates, smashing two, and begins screaming. SCAMP, excited by the row, redoubles his barks, and bounds to and fro upon the door-mat.



Mr. Baker (seizing an umbrella from the stand, makes a wild blow at SCAMP, who retires terror-stricken under his remote article of furniture). "WHAT THE DEUCE IS THAT DOG? (To MARY, sharply.) WHAT ARE YOU SHAKING AT, YOU SILLY GOOSE? TWO OF THE WHITE DINNER-PLATES GONE!"

A lapse of four hours. MR. BAKER cruelly turns SCAMP into the Yard. He runs up and down the howling scale, winding up with a prolonged shake in C above the line. . . . A lapse of several hours, during which MR. BAKER'S broken slumbers are made miserable by the continuous and



agonising wail of his victim, to which MRS. BAKER, who is equally prevented from sleeping, listens with a mixture of malicious satisfaction and pity. The windows of the neighbours are heard violently lifted, and slammed down savagely at intervals.

SCENE III.—THE DINING-ROOM AT BLOSSOM TERRACE, WITH THE TABLE SPREAD FOR BREAKFAST.

Time—The Morning after the Pet's First Night at Mr. Baker's.

MR. and MRS. BAKER have risen, dressed, and come down to breakfast in silence. MR. BAKER'S feelings on the subject of the Pet's over-night performance are too big for words. MRS. BAKER feels deeply the brutality of MR. B.'S conduct in consigning the Pet to the Yard, but is rather afraid to approach the subject.



Mary (exploding). "OH, PLEASE, 'M, COOK WAS BUSY TRIMMING THE CHOPS FOR BREAKFAST, 'M, AND I WAS A WASHING THE FRONT DOOR STEPS, 'M, AND THE DOG, 'M, HE WENT RIGHT INTO THE KITCHING, 'M, AND TOOK A CHOP CLEAN OFF THE PLATE, 'M, AND RUN OUT OF THE 'OUSE, THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR, WICH THE BAKER WAS A-COMING INTO THE FRONT GARDING, AND WE NEVER SEEN NOTHINK MORE OF 'IM, 'M."

SCENE IV.—THE BAKERS HAVE HIRED A PAGE. THE PET BREAKS OUT IN "TICKS," AND MEANS ARE TAKEN TO REMOVE THEM.

The operation begins. SCAMP is caught and secured by SPRIGGLES, while MRS. BAKER begins to wash him with the powerful detergent, and MARY assists. The reader is requested to imagine the odour which pervades the house.



Mrs. Baker. "OH, IT'S ONLY A LITTLE TOBACCO-WATER, MY DEAR. YOU WERE QUITE RIGHT; SCAMP HAD A FEW FLEAS, AND WE'RE KILLING 'EM."



DOING A LITTLE BUSINESS.

Old Equestrian. "WELL BUT—YOU'RE NOT THE BOY I LEFT MY HORSE WITH!"
Boy. "NO, SIR, I JIST SPEKILATED, AND BOUGHT 'IM OF T'OTHER BOY FOR A HARPENNY?"

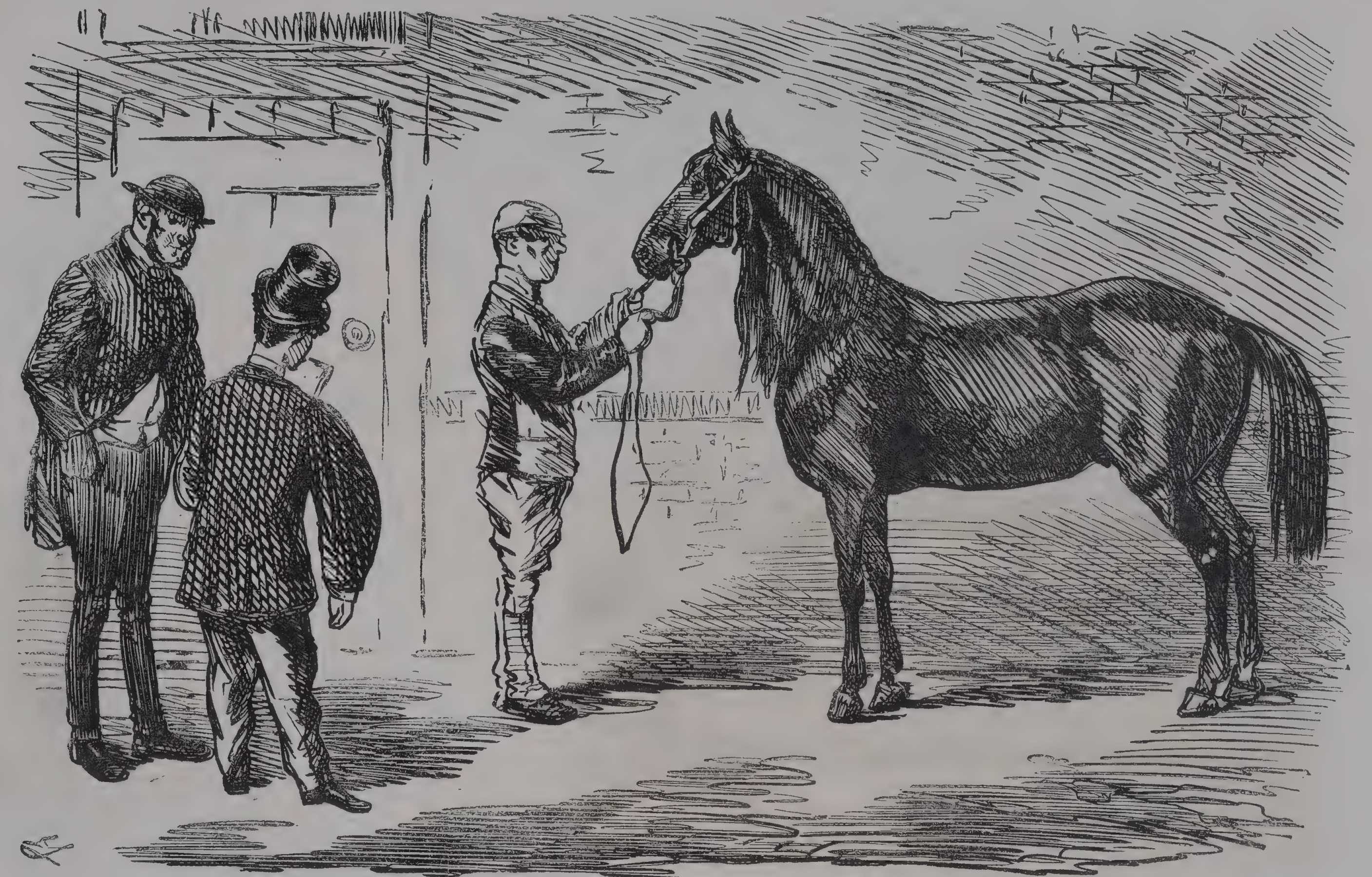


A CASE FOR MR. BANTING.

Driver (of the Herring Mould, to Party inclining to embonpoint). "HOLLO, BILL! HOW MANY SACKS O' PERTATERS AND HOGSHEADS O' SUGAR 'AVE YER GOT THERE?"



THREE CHEERS FOR BASS AND HIS BARREL OF BEER, AND OUT WITH THE FOREIGN RUFFIAN AND HIS BARREL-ORGAN!



RATHER OSSY.

Dealer. "THERE, SIR! HE'S-A RARE TOPPED UN. WHY, WHAT A MANE AND TAIL HE'S GOT! HE'D MAKE A CHARGER HE WOULD!"
Mr. Green. "BUT AIN'T HIS LEGS A LITTLE TOO THIN FOR HIS BODY?"
Dealer. "THIN FOR HIS BODY! BLESS YER! YOU COME TO HACK HIM ABOUT FOR A FEW DAYS, HIS LEGS 'LL FILL OUT ENOUGH, THEY WILL!"

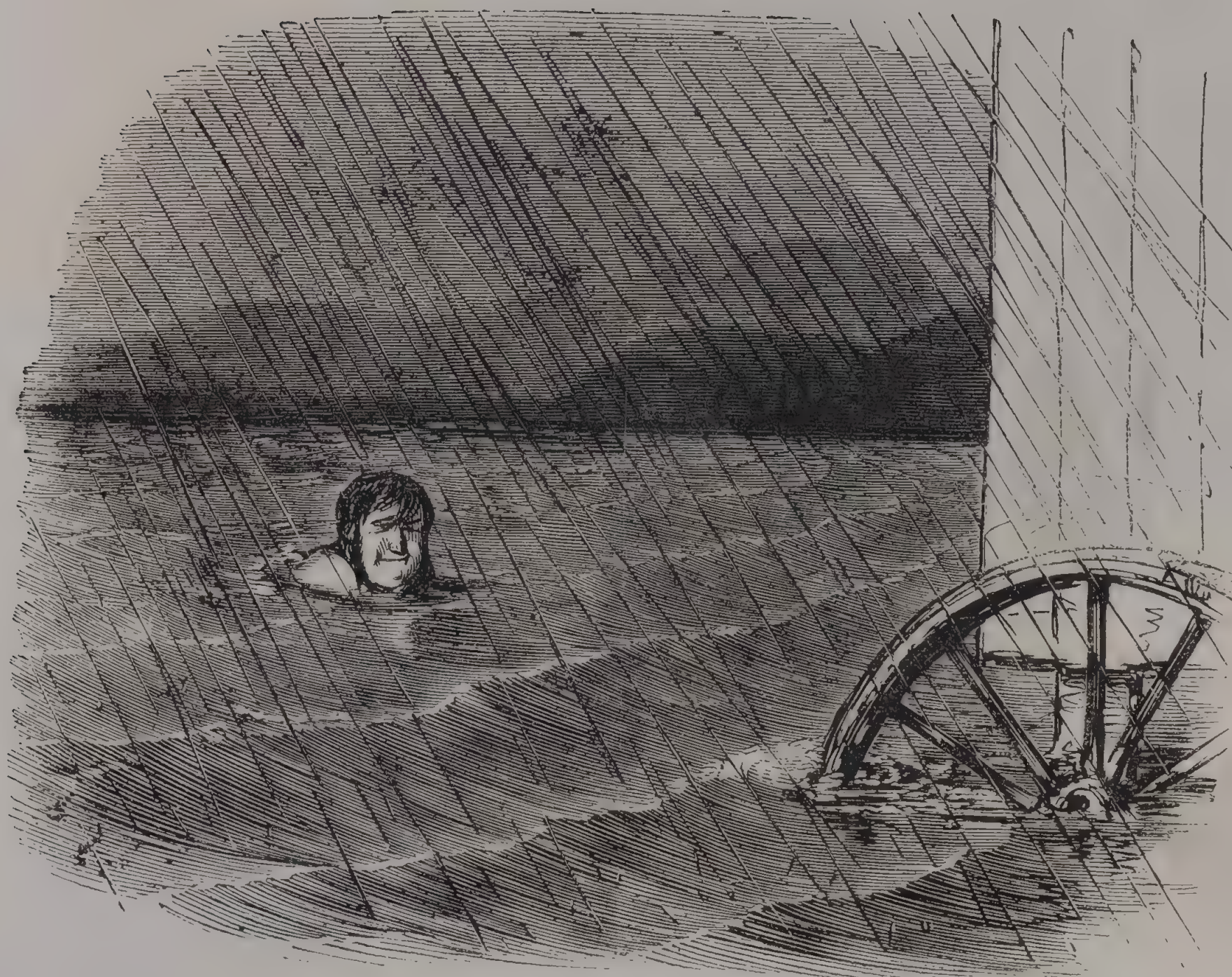


"DEAR MR. PUNCH,
"I CAN BEAR IT NO LONGER—I SAY THEY HAVE NO BUSINESS TO WEAR THEM. WHY, THEY MAKE THEIR DEAR BEAUTIFUL HEADS LOOK LIKE COWLS ON CHIMNEY-POTS, OR THE HOODS OF BATHING-MACHINES; OR, WHAT IS WORSE, THEY SUGGEST THE IDEA OF SORE EYES—AND ALL FOR WHAT? TO SAVE THEIR COMPLEXIONS, FORSOOTH—STUFF! PRAY, DEAR PUNCH, PUT THEM DOWN—OR RATHER, PUT THEM UP—OR RATHER, DESTROY THEM ALTOGETHER. YOU WILL SEE WHAT I ALLUDE TO FROM THE ACCOMPANYING SKETCH, DONE BY OUR FRIEND—YOU KNOW WHO—
"YOURS, A MOST EXTRAORDINARY AND ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER OF LOVELY WOMAN,
"THE BUOY AT THE NORE."



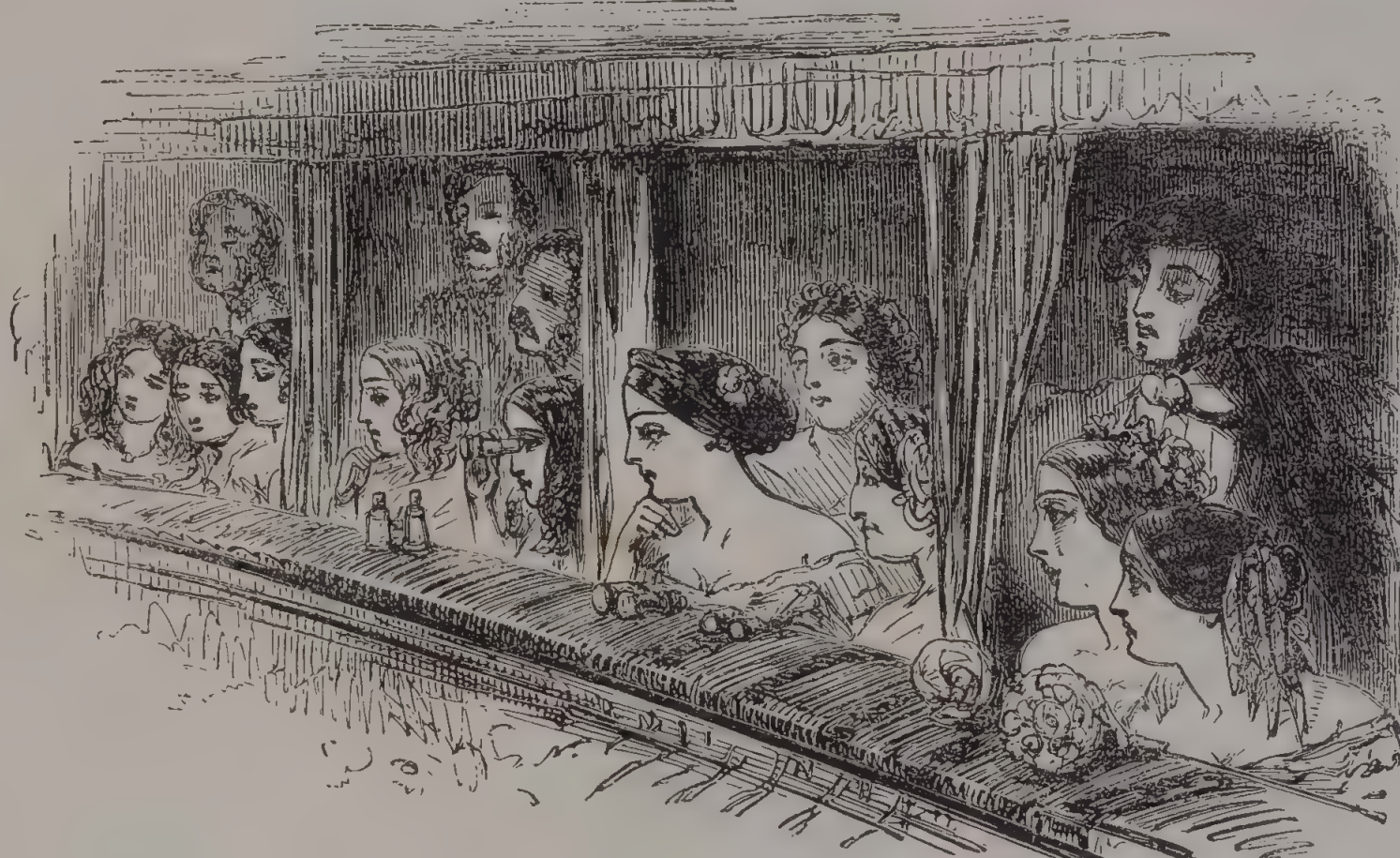
A RIDING HABIT TO BE ADOPTED SHORTLY.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I AM ANXIOUS THAT MY WIFE (WHO INTENDS TO HUNT WITH ME) 'SHOULD DO AS THE LADIES DO,' HERE, IN ***** SHIRE. I SEND YOU A SKETCH OF THE CUSTOM OF THIS COUNTRY, AND WANT TO KNOW IF YOU THINK IT GRACEFUL AND BECOMING. MY WIFE HAS A VERY NEAT FOOT AND ANKLE, AND THINKS ONE OF MY PALETOTS WOULD DO EQUALLY AS WELL TO RIDE IN AS TYING UP A YARD OF USELESS HABIT, &c. &c."



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Enthusiast. "THIS IS REALLY ADMIRABLE!—I GET MY SWIM—AND A SHOWER BATH IN!"



THE DRESS CIRCLE.



AT A MASQUERADE.



RAILWAY MORALS.

Guard. "NOW, MISS! ARE YOU GOING BY THIS TRAIN?"
Miss Rebecca. "YES! BUT I MUST HAVE A CARRIAGE WHERE THERE ARE NO YOUNG MEN LIKELY TO BE RUDE TO ONE."



A LITTLE RAILWAY DRAMA.

(Passenger in Train, who naturally objects to having a nasty, odoriferous, useless pet dog in the carriage, suggests to the guard that the animal should be put in the Van.)
Stupid Old Lady (dashing out of the carriage). "DID IT, THEN, A DARLING! A PRETTY SWEET!—DID IT GET INTO A CARRIAGE WITH A BREE-UTE?"



AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Monthly Nurse. "BUT I CAN'T FIND MY BOX, SIR!"
Paterfamilias (furious). "CONFOUND YOUR BOX! YOU MUST GET IN AND LEAVE IT, AND WE'LL TELEGRAPH FOR IT.—COME! THE TRAIN'S STARTING!"
Monthly Nurse. "OH YES, SIR, THAT'S ALL VERY WELL. ONLY I THOUGHT AS MY BOX HAS GOT ALL YOUR PLATE AND LINEN IN IT," &c., &c., &c.



SCENE IN A TUNNEL. HOW TO CLEAR A CARRIAGE FOR A CIGAR.

Ferocious Looking Passenger (to Old Gent. who objects to Smoking). "THAT'S A PRETTY KNIFE; AIN'T IT? THAT'S THE SORT O' THING WE USE IN CALIFORNIA! JOLLY THING TO STICK INTO A FELLOW, EH?"
[OLD GENT. fears his Companion is not "quite right," and changes his Carriage at the next Station.]



"ANY FRESH PRAWNS THIS MARNIN?"



THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE, viz., A CLUB WINDOW.

Old General Muddle. "WHAT I SAY, IS—IS—EH? WHAT? BY JOVE! WHAT THE DOOCE SHOULD CIVILIANS KNOW ABOUT—EH? WHAT—AH!—MILITARY AFFAIRS! AFFAIRS! EH?"

Colonel Splutter. "HAH! THE PRESS, SIR! BY JOVE, THE PRESS IS THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY, AND WILL BE THE RUIN OF THE ARMY! BY JOVE, I'D HANG ALL LITTERY MEN—HANG 'EM, SIR!"



PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION.

Ramoneur on Donkey. "FITCH US OUT ANOTHER PEN'NORTH O' STEAW-BERRY ICE, WITH A DOLLOP OF LEMON WATER IN IT."



THE BLUES' LAMENT.

[To be sung by the Horse Guards when removed from Knightsbridge to Herne Bay.]

"FORCED FROM TOWN, AND ALL ITS PLEASURES,
LONDON STREETS WE'VE LEFT FORLORN," &c.

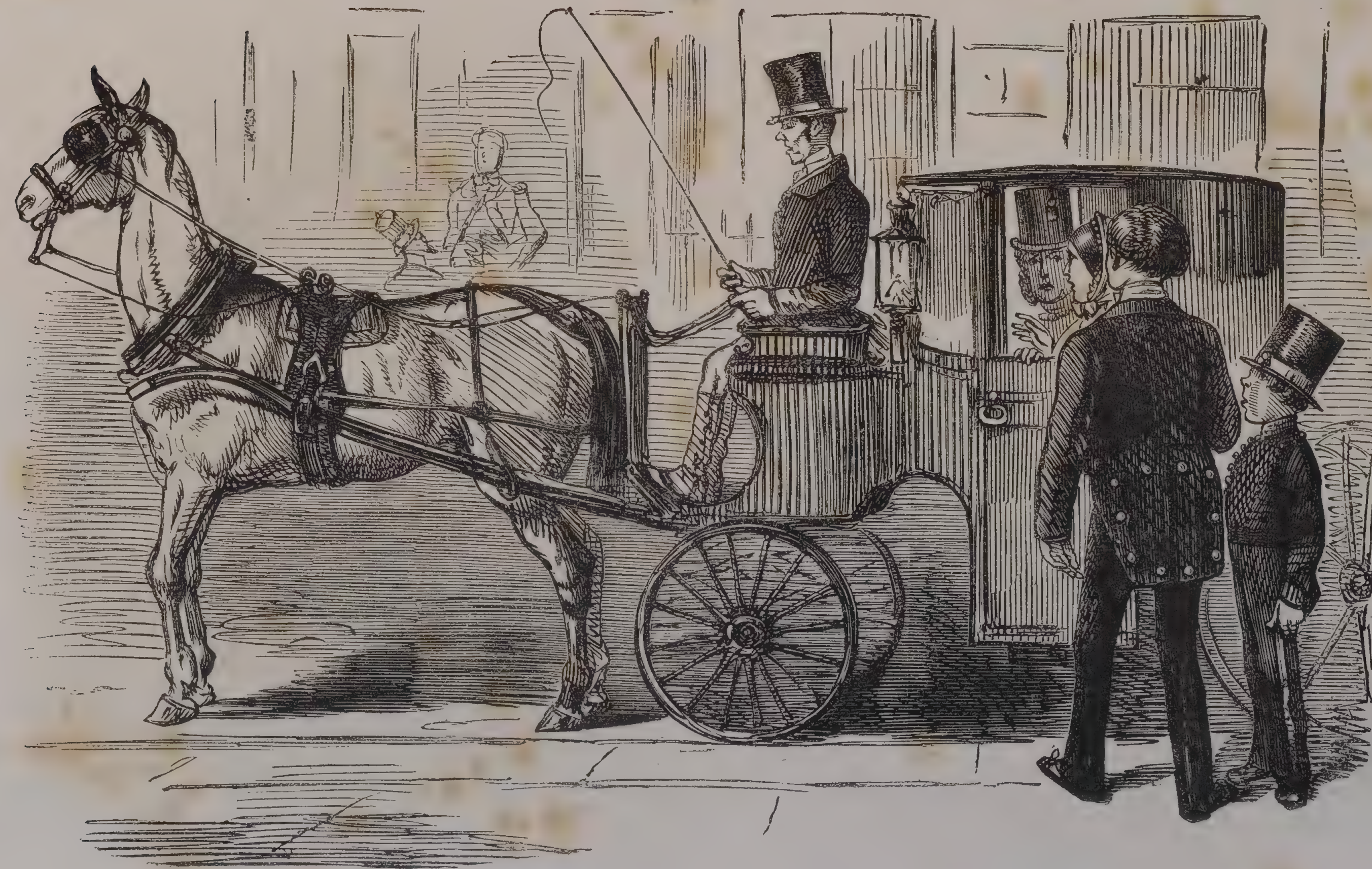


PUNCTUALITY IS THE SOUL OF BUSINESS.

"NO-O-O. GOOD-NIGHT, OLD CHAP! BUSINESS IS THE SOUL OF PUNCTUALITY. I MUST GO NOW. I'VE GOT SOME BUSI-BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO—(hic)—LET-TERS TO—WRITE!"



IN DISTRESS OFF A LEE-SHORE—BRIGHTON PIER.



THE SOCIAL TREADMILL—"GOOD GRACIOUS! SHE'S AT HOME!"



Fare (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is settling). "BUT WHY, MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU PUT THAT CLOTH OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD?"
Car-Driver. "SHURE, YER HONOUR, THIN—I SHOULDN'T LIKE HIM TO SEE HOW LITTLE YE PAY FOR SUCH A HARD DAY'S WOR-RK!"



FORCE OF HABIT.

Old Party (in Hansom). "HERE! HOLLO! HI! WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING LIKE THAT, FOR? STOP! LET ME OUT!"
Cabby. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! I'LL STOP 'IM DIRECTLY, SIR—I DRUV A FIRE ENGINE FOR TWO YEAR!!!"



THE TOLL-BAR NUISANCE.

Cabby (to impudent Boy at Gate). "AH! YOU ALWAYS HAVE BEEN A SAUCY YOUNG DOG; BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE DONE AWAY WITH, THAT'S ONE COMFORT—AND YOU CAN'T GROW INTO A TURNPIKE MAN!"



PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

Maid. "LAW BLESS YER! THAT AIN'T MISSUS'S OWN 'AIR;
IT'S A WIG!"



THE GREAT BONNET QUESTION.



THE BELLE OF THE MONTH ON THE ALPS.



THE HON. MR. PINCUSHION DOES NOT LIKE THE WAY THE HOUNDS ARE GOING, AND ASKS HIS ROAD BACK TO OXFORD. OUR YOUNG FRIEND JOWLER IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND MAKING GREAT EFFORTS TO COME UP WITH THE HUNT.



Charley. "I MUST BE OFF NOW, JULIA; I'M GOING TO DRAW A BADGER."
Julia. "CAN'T YOU DRAW IT HERE, CHARLEY? YOU CAN HAVE MY COLOUR-BOX."



WARBLERS UNDER WATER.



PROBABLE EFFECT OF THE SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.

Workman. "WELL, BETSEY, IF THEY WON'T LET US GET ANY REFRESHMENT O' SUNDAYS OUT O' DOORS—WE MUST LAY IN A STOCK, AND DRINK AT HOME, LIKE THE PIOUS SCOTCH!"



SOCIAL STRUGGLES.



BROTHERS IN ARMS.



WELL INTENDED, NO DOUBT.

Quaker to British Lion. "THERE, FRIEND! NOW LET ME PUT AWAY THOSE DANGEROUS VANITIES!"



THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.



Lady. YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME, MARY, THAT MY NEW CRYSTAL MILK JUG IS BRO—!"
Mary. "YES, 'M, IT'S THE ORKERDEST JUG AS HEVER I SEE—IT JEST TOOK AND TUMBLED RIGHT OFF ITS 'ANDLE!! WHICH IT'S LEFT ITS 'ANDLE IN MY 'AND, 'M."



THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.



THE H-SE OF C-MM-NS SMOKING-ROOM.—SOME OF OUR LEGISLATORS.



Lady. "AND SO, CAPTAIN—THEY SAY YOU ARE GOING TO TURN BENEDICK?"
Adonis. "WHY, YA-AS-AW—I DIDN'T WISH TO—BUT-AW—IN FACT, LADY MARY'S ATTENTION'S BECAME SO MARKED—THAT-AW—THE THING-AW—WAS INEVITABLE-AW."



THE BOX OF BOOKS FROM LONDON.

"NOW, CLARA—WHAT A SHAME! YOU ALWAYS TAKE THE PRETTY ONES!"



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

Keeper (who has never seen a breech-loader). "I DON'T THINK WERRY MUCH OF 'IM; WHY HE'S BEEN AND BROKE HIS GUN THE WERRY FUST SHOT!"



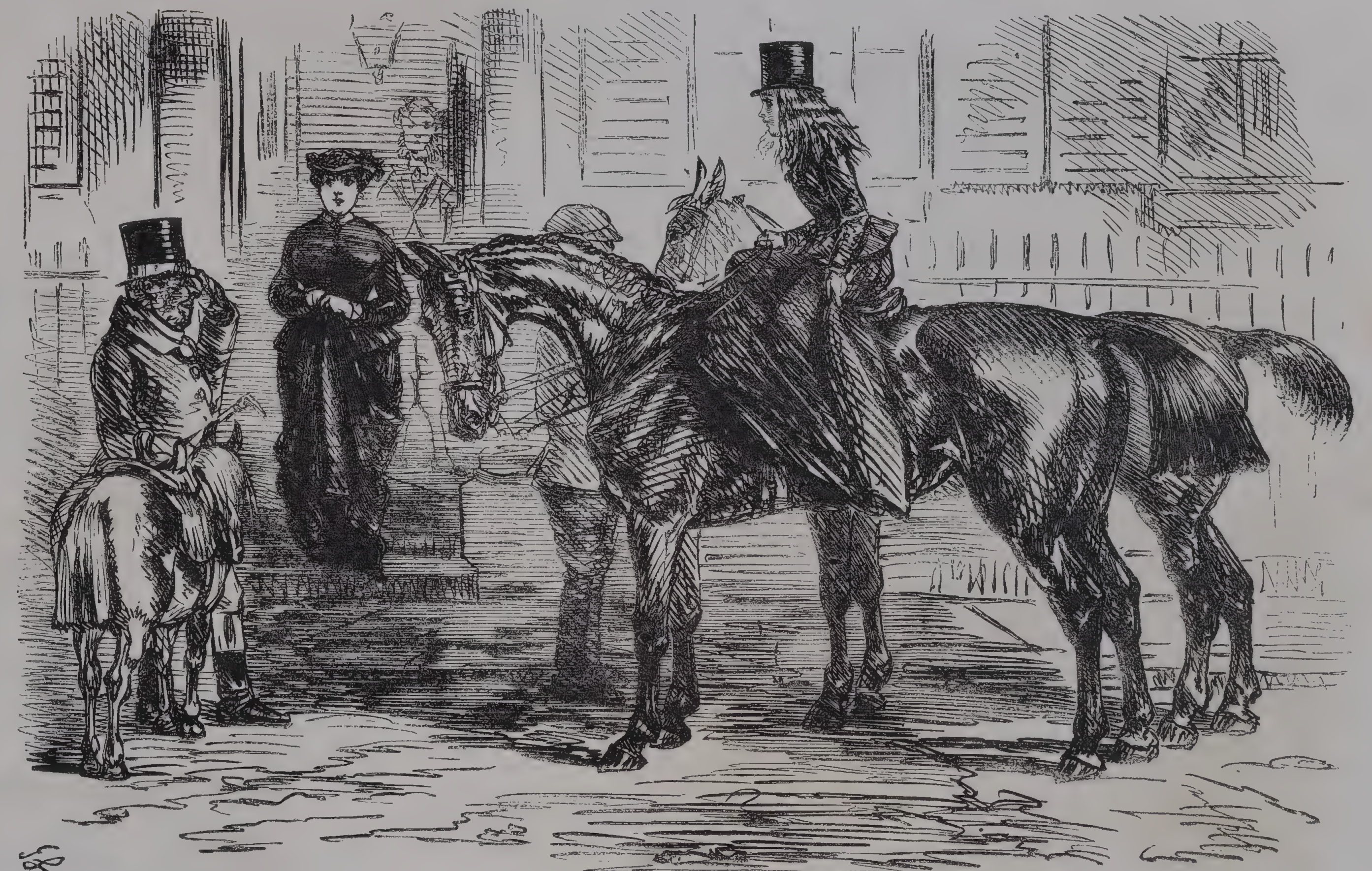
Inquiring Youth. "PLEASE, MAMMA, WHY IS UNCLE'S HORSE CALLED A COB?"
Mamma. "OH, MY DEAR! BECAUSE—BECAUSE—WHY BECAUSE HE HAS A THICK BODY AND SHORT LEGS!"
Inquiring Youth. "WHAT, LIKE YOU, MAMMA?"



A LITTLE BIT OF YORKSHIRE.

(HORSE CRITIC AND YORKSHIRE HORSE-BREAKER TO STEWARD OF GREAT MAN MEETING ON THE ROAD.)

Horse Critic. "WELL, WILLIAM, THAT'S A NICE LOOKING COLT, WHOSE IS IT?"
Horse Breaker. "WELL, SIR, THAT DEPENDS UPON CIRCUMSTANCES."
Critic. "HOW SO?"
Breaker. "IF IT TURNS OUT WELL, IT BELONGS TO MR. B. (the Steward); BUT YOU KNOW, SIR (with a sly look), IF IT TURNS OUT BAD, IT BELONGS TO MY LORD!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Mamma (coming down the steps). "WHY, CORNBVN! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? MISS ALICE PERCHED ON HER PAPA'S BIG HORSE, AND THE PONY BROUGHT FOR ME!"
Cornbyn. "YES, MA'AM! YOU SEE, MA'AM, MISS ALICE SAID AS YOU WAS RATHER NERVOUS, AND SHE THOUGHT THAT YOU WOULD GET ON BETTER WITH TOM TIT."



"PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE PRINTER'S BOY CALLED AGAIN."
"OH, BOTHER! SAY I'M BUSY."



STUDIES OF CRINOLINE DURING AN EQUINOCTIAL GALE.



AT ASCOT.

THE ONLY "PARTIES" WHO ENJOYED THE WET DAY.



LACKADAISICAL.



A CURTAIN LECTURE.



SHARP'S THE WORD.

ADMIRAL PUNCH'S SIGNAL TO THE FLEET.



“LOVE’S COURSE NEVER DID,” YOU KNOW.

IT WAS VERY UNPLEASANT! BUT WHAT JENKYNNES HAD TO SAY TO HIS FLORA, WAS SAID UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.



A LITTLE FAMILY BREEZE.

Mrs. T. “WHAT A WRETCH YOU MUST BE, T.; WHY DON’T YOU TAKE ME OFF? DON’T YOU SEE I’M OVERTOOK WITH THE TIDE, AND I SHALL BE DROWNED!”
T. “WELL, THEN—WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO KICK UP SUCH A ROW WHEN I STOP OUT LATE OF A SATURDAY?”



THINGS THAT WE WANT TO KNOW.—No 1.

WE WANT TO KNOW WHY A COUPLE OF CONCEITED FANATICS SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO DISTURB THE REPOSE OF A SUNDAY AFTER-NOON BY THE SEA-SIDE?



THINGS THAT WE WANT TO KNOW.—No. 2.

WE WANT TO KNOW WHY THE AUTHORITIES AT BRIGHTON, SO SENSIBLE AND CONSIDERATE IN KEEPING THE PLACE FREE FROM THE DETESTABLE ORGAN-GRINDERS, SHOULD PERMIT THE TERRIBLE NUISANCES INDICATED ABOVE? FRESH PRAWNS, WHITING, OYSTERS, (R WATER-CRESS, ARE CAPITAL THINGS IN THEIR WAY, AND WE SHOULD THINK THAT THE JADED MAN OF OCCUPATION, OR THE INVALID, WOULD VERY MUCH RATHER SEND TO A RESPECTABLE SHOP FOR SUCH DELICACIES, THAN HAVE THEM “BELLOVED” INTO HIS EARS MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT!



FOR THE SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.



AQUATICS—WHEN THE BEES ARE SWARMING.



THE ENGAGED ONES.

"LAW! CHARLES! ISN'T THERE A GREAT BLACK ON MY NOSE?"



HOTELS.

THE COMMERCIAL ROOM IN THE "GOOD OLD COACHING HOUSE."



ENTERTAINMENT FOR AN ORGAN-GRINDING RUFFIAN.

DISTURBING A STREET AND FRIGHTENING A SERVANT GIRL INTO FITS, FOR WHICH HE HAS TO PAY TEN SHILLINGS ONLY.

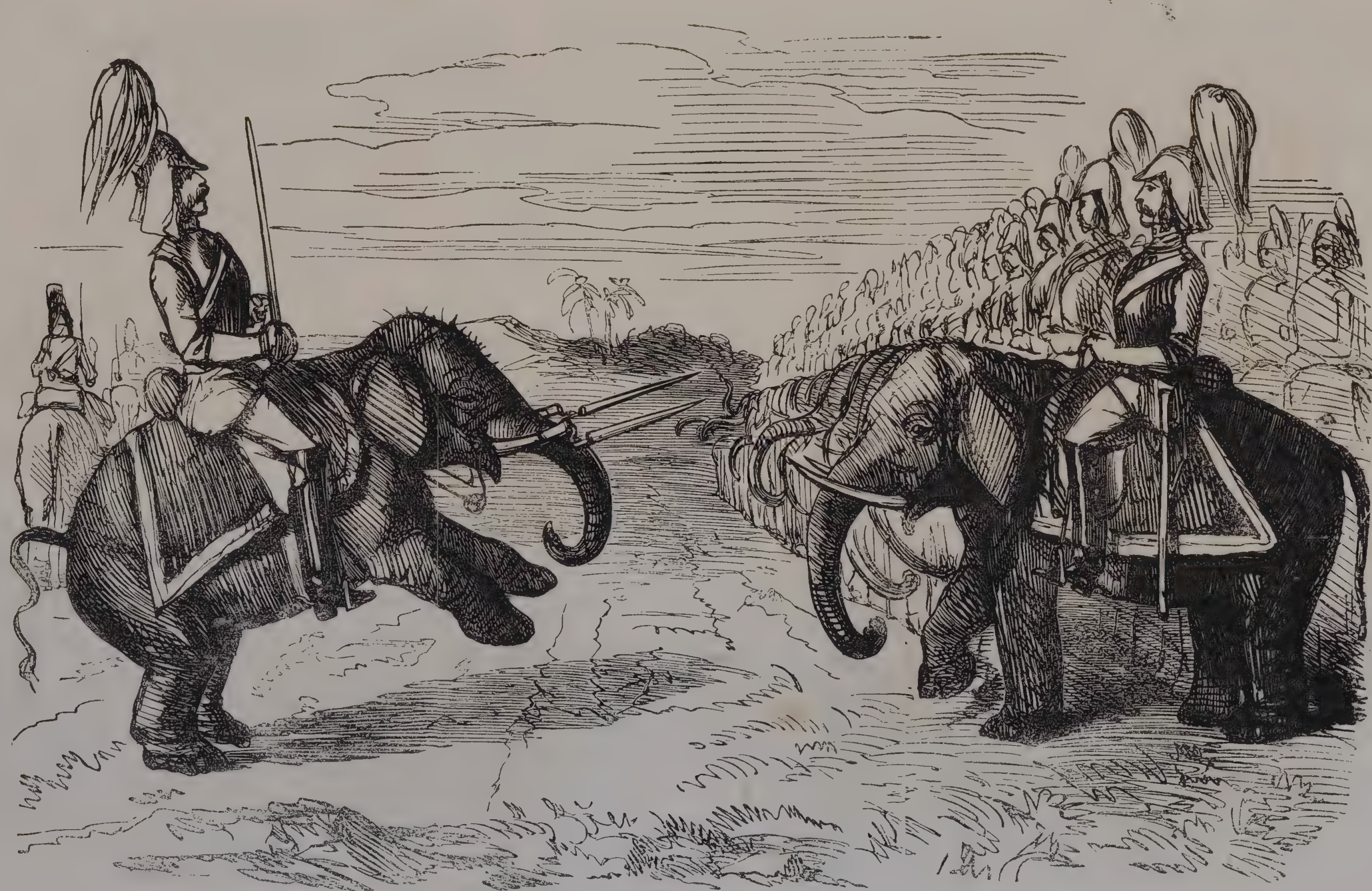


FEARFUL POSITION OF AN OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY, WHOM LOW IMPUDENT LITTLE BOYS WILL TUMBLE BEFORE ALL THE WAY FROM THE STRAND TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

THE DOUBLE POST AND RAILS—A SERIOUS MATTER TO FOREIGN HORSES.



A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION, PRESENTED GRATIS TO THE HORSE GUARDS BY MR. PUNCH.



SKETCH AT A RIFLE COMPETITION IN THE NORTH.

First Volunteer (to Second Volunteer on the Barrel). "MAY I TROUBLE YE TO MOVE FOR A BIT, FOR YER'E JUST SITTING ON THE AMUNEE-TION!"



SHOEBURYNESS.

Captain Limber, R.A. "HAVING PLACED OUR BURSTER AND PREPARED OUR PERCUSSION FUSE, WHICH, YOU REMEMBER, EXPLODES BY THE SIMPLE FALL OF THE NEEDLE—WE PROCEED TO * * * *"
[PROFESSOR DABBLES quite sees that the Artillery is a Service of itself, and having an appointment at the Megatherium, hurries off by the train.]



Lydia. "DON'T, HORACE.—LOOK AT OLD TOMKINS SITTING AT HIS WINDOW."



SOME FOREIGN PRODUCE JOHN BULL CAN WELL SPARE.

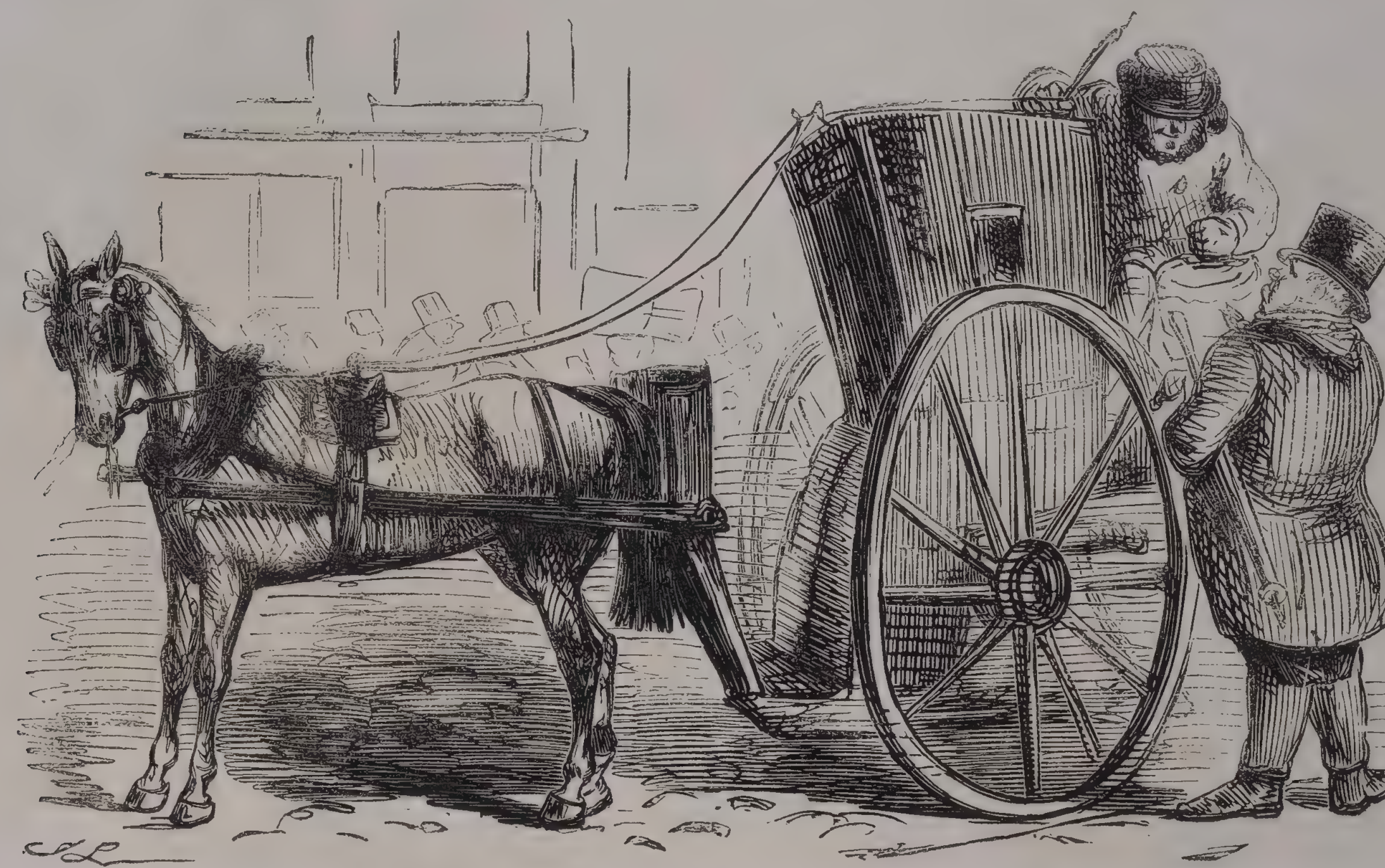


A MATTER OF BUSINESS; OR, LOVE À LA MODE.



POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

Ragged Capitalist to ditto. "THE WAR CAN'T LAST, SIR; FRANCE AND AUSTRIA HAVEN'T THE MEANS; THEY MUST COME TO US FOR MONEY BEFORE LONG."



Old Gent. "HOW MUCH?"
Hansom Cabman (boldly). "SIX SHILLINGS, SIR!"
Old Gent. "WHAT! WHY, HOW MANY MILES DO YOU CALL IT FROM TEMPLE BAR TO THE BANK?"
Cabman. "OH! IF YOU WANT TO MAKE IT A MERE MERCANTILE TRANSACTION, YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR RIDE FOR NOTHING. ONLY DON'T GET INTO AN ANSOM CAB AGAIN, THAT'S ALL."
[Old Gentleman is speechless with indignation and astonishment.]



Young Practitioner. "H'M, VERY ODD—I MUST HAVE MADE SOME MISTAKE; THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH THIS TOOTH. NEVER MIND, TRY AGAIN!"



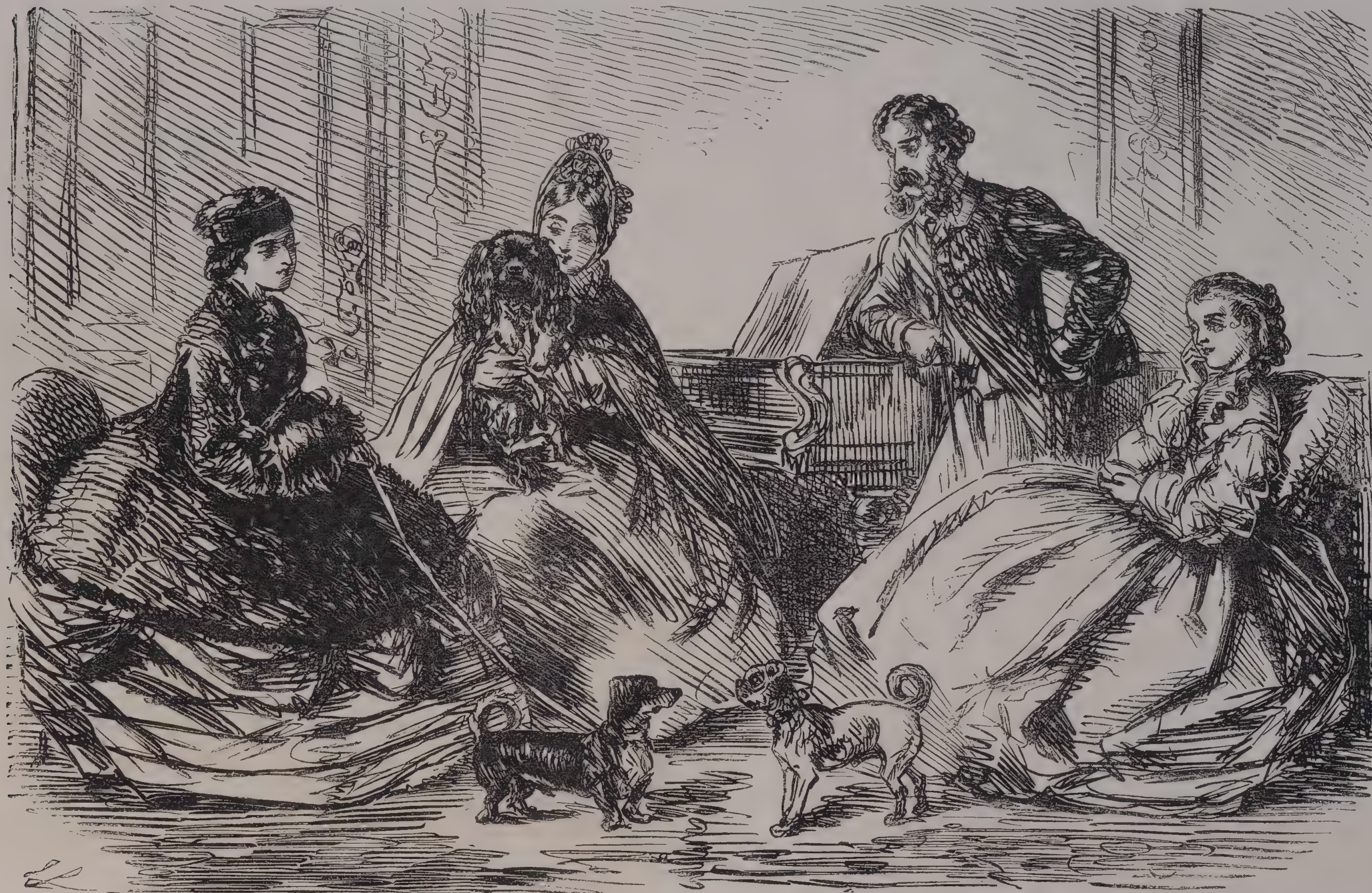
A TABLE D'HÔTE AT PARIS.

Attentive Swell (to elegant and fascinating American young Lady, who has been monopolising the adjacent Gentlemen all through Dinner). "LET ME GIVE YOU SOME OF THIS" (handing Article of Desert).
Belle Américaine. "NO, THANKS!—WELL, THEN, A VERY LITTLE; FOR I GUESS I'M PRETTY CROWDED NOW."
[Horror of Swells; triumph of neighbouring Female British Contingent.]



AN IDEA FOR A WET DAY.

HANG UP THE CRINOLINES, AND HAVE A GAME OF CROQUET IN THE DINING-ROOM.



THE DOG-DAYS!

1st Fancier. "NOW ISN'T HE, GEORGIE!—FOR BREED AND SHAPE AND MAKE, THE MOST LOVELY LITTLE CREATURE?"
2nd Ditto. "WELL, DEAR, HE CERTAINLY IS VERY HANDSOME, BUT TO MY TASTE MY LITTLE TREASURE PUGGY IS PERFECTION, AND SO AFFECTIONATE!"
3rd Ditto. "DID THEY PRAISE THE OTHER DOGS?—LITTLE CHARLIE WAS A DARLING; HE WAS, HE WAS, HE WAS!!!"



BADLY HIT DURING THE RECENT ENGAGEMENT WITH THE GUARDS.

Mamma. "YES, DOCTOR. SHE WILL SIT FOR HOURS WITHOUT SPEAKING A WORD. SHE PERSISTS IN WEARING THE SAME DRESS, AND WON'T PART WITH THE BOUQUET!"
Doctor. "HM—WELL, LET'S SEE, WE MUST FIRST GET THE BALL OUT OF HER HEAD, AND THEN PERHAPS THE NERVOUS SYSTEM MAY RIGHT ITSELF!"

A REMINISCENCE OF BLOOMERISM: WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.



IN THE PARK.



MAST-HEADED.



GOING TO THE DERBY.



THE FEMALE BARRISTER.



FEMALE 'BUSSES.



LUNCING AT "MUTTON'S."



A (STAGE) PRINCE MAKES AN OFFER ON THE BRIGHTON DOWNS.



MR. SWELLINGTON AND MISS BROMPTON AT THE DERBY.



"SHE HAS NO PATIENCE WITH SERVANTS WHO DRESS THEIR HAIR IN RINGLETS."

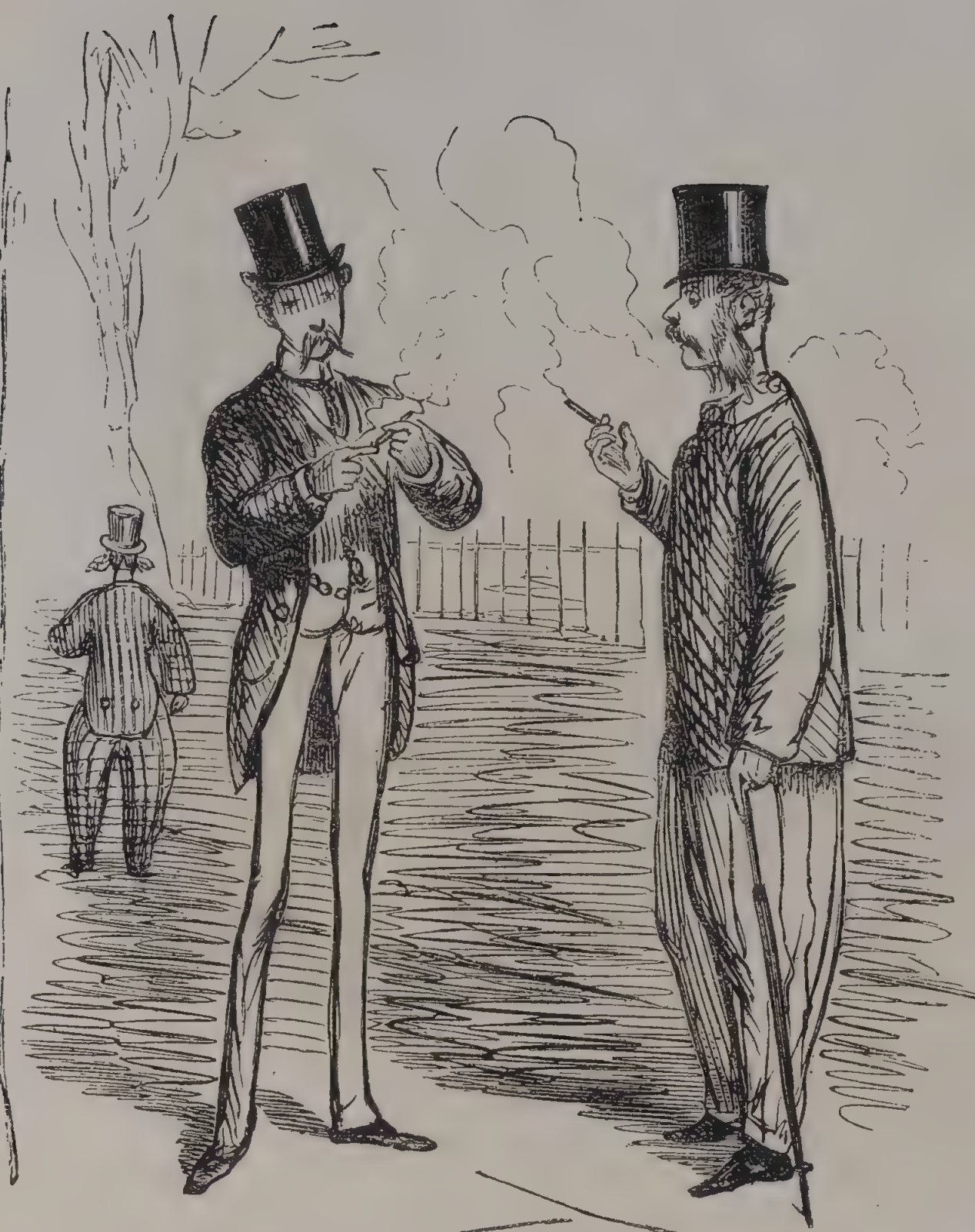


A BIT OF HOUSEHOLD STUFF.

2nd Life Guardsman. "LOR, JEMIMER, WHY WE ARE OUR OWN MASTERS, AND NEVER SHOW NO RESPECT TO NOBODY!"
Jemimer. "THEN I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN A DEAL OF BATTLES THAT MAKES YOU SO PROUD!"



THE CHANGED HUSBAND.



"WHY, FWED!—WHAWT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR LEGS?"
"WHY, YOU SEE, PEG-TOP TROUSERS ARE GETTING SO COMMON, I'M GOING TO GIVE NATURE A CHANCE!"



MISS VIOLET CHRISTENS THE "CHIMBORAZO."



OLD MR. WIGGLES TRIES HIS NEW SEWING-MACHINE, AND FINDS HIS GARMENTS THROW OUT BUTTONS IN A VERY INDISCRIMINATE MANNER.



SKETCH FROM A STUDY WINDOW.



"NOW, MY LOVE!—ARE YOU NOT READY FOR CHURCH?"
"READY FOR CHURCH, MR. SMITH!—HOW YOU TALK!—WHEN YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT ODOUS MISS JACKSON HAS NOT SENT HOME MY NEW BAREGE DRESS!"



Cousin Florence. "WELL, TOMMY, AND SO YOU LIKE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND PHILIP, DO YOU? AND HOW OLD DO YOU THINK HE IS?"
Tommy. "WELL, I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW; BUT I SHOULD THINK HE WAS RATHER OLD, FOR HE BLOWS HIS OWN NOSE!"



WHAT IS IT?

First Boy (log.). "I TELL YER IT'S 'ED'S HERE!—I SEEN IT MOVE!"
Second Do., "I SAY IT'S AT THIS END, YER STOOPID!—I CAN SEE 'IS EARS!"



THE ARISTOCRATIC HOTEL COMPANY (LIMITED).

A PROBABLE SCENE, IF OUR NOBLE LORDS GO ON DABBLING IN BUSINESS.



Omnibus Driver. "REELY NOW! AND SO THE 'LECTRIC FLUID TAKES A MESSAGE BETWEEN DOVER AND CALIS. (Inquiringly.) PRAY, SIR, WOT'S IT LIKE? IS IT ANYTHINK LIKE BEER, FOR EXAMPLE?"



HOW NOT TO DO YOUR DUTY TOWARDS YOUR NEIGHBOUR!—THE ORGAN-GRINDING NUISANCE.

Old Lady (!) "BOTHER OVER THE WAY! WE LIKE THE HORGINS!"



"I MARKED HER LIST HIS FEEBLE CHAT."



MISS VIOLET BROMPTON AND HER FATHER.



OVER THE WAY—THE INVALID.



"SODA AND BRANDY, SIR!"



INFLUENCE OF THE RAILWAY ON THE RHINE.

Emily. "OH, DO LOOK HERE, ARTHUR DEAR—SUCH A LOVELY VIEW, AND SOME MORE SUCH BEAUTIFUL CASTLES!"
[Arthur gives a prolonged grunt and snore.]



TO BE PITIED.

Youth. "WHAT! NO SMOKING CARRIAGE! WHY WHAT'S A FELLAH TO DO FOR THREE HOURS?"



POOR COUSIN CHARLES.

Juvenile. "WHY DO THEY CALL THOSE THINGS COUSIN CHARLES SMOKES CIGARETTES. EH, POLLY?"
Polly. "WELL, DEAR; BECAUSE THEY ARE LITTLE CIGARS, I SUPPOSE!"
Juvenile. "OH THEN, WOULD COUSIN CHARLES BE CALLED A CAPTAINETTE, BECAUSE HE'S A LITTLE CAPTAIN?"
[JONES, who is a Volunteer, but is six feet high, twirls his moustachios with mild complacency.]



BROUGHAM DRIVES UP—TWO LADIES IN TOXOPHILITE COSTUME ON THE BOX, ONE DRIVING—PAIR OF TOP-BOOTED LEGS STICKING OUT OF WINDOW.

Driving Lady (log.) ["OH, FRANK DEAR, ONLY FANCY, GEORGE HAS GOT SO TIPSY AT THE ARCHERY MEETING, THAT WE'VE BEEN OBLIGED TO PUT HIM INSIDE, AND DRIVE HOME OURSELVES—AND POOR CLARA HAS PINCHED HER FINGERS DREADFULLY PUTTING ON THE DRAG, COMING DOWN BLUNSDEN HILL!"]



Omnibus Driver. "REELY NOW! AND SO THE 'LECTRIC FLUID TAKES A MESSAGE BETWEEN DOVER AND CALIS. (Inquiringly.) PRAY, SIR, WOT'S IT LIKE? IS IT ANYTHINK LIKE BEER, FOR EXAMPLE?"



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OVER THE WAY—THE INVALID.



"SODA AND BRANDY, SIR!"



THE BITER BIT.

First Cabby. "I'M WAITIN FOR THE MEEGER, YOUR HONOR!"
Second ditto (in an audible whisper). "B'lieve me, tis the GINERAL, AND I'M HIS KYAR."
Green (?) Ensign. "AW—BORE THAT—CAN'T TAKE ME, I SUPPOSE? I'M ONLY A CAPTAIN." [Hibernians decidedly sold.]

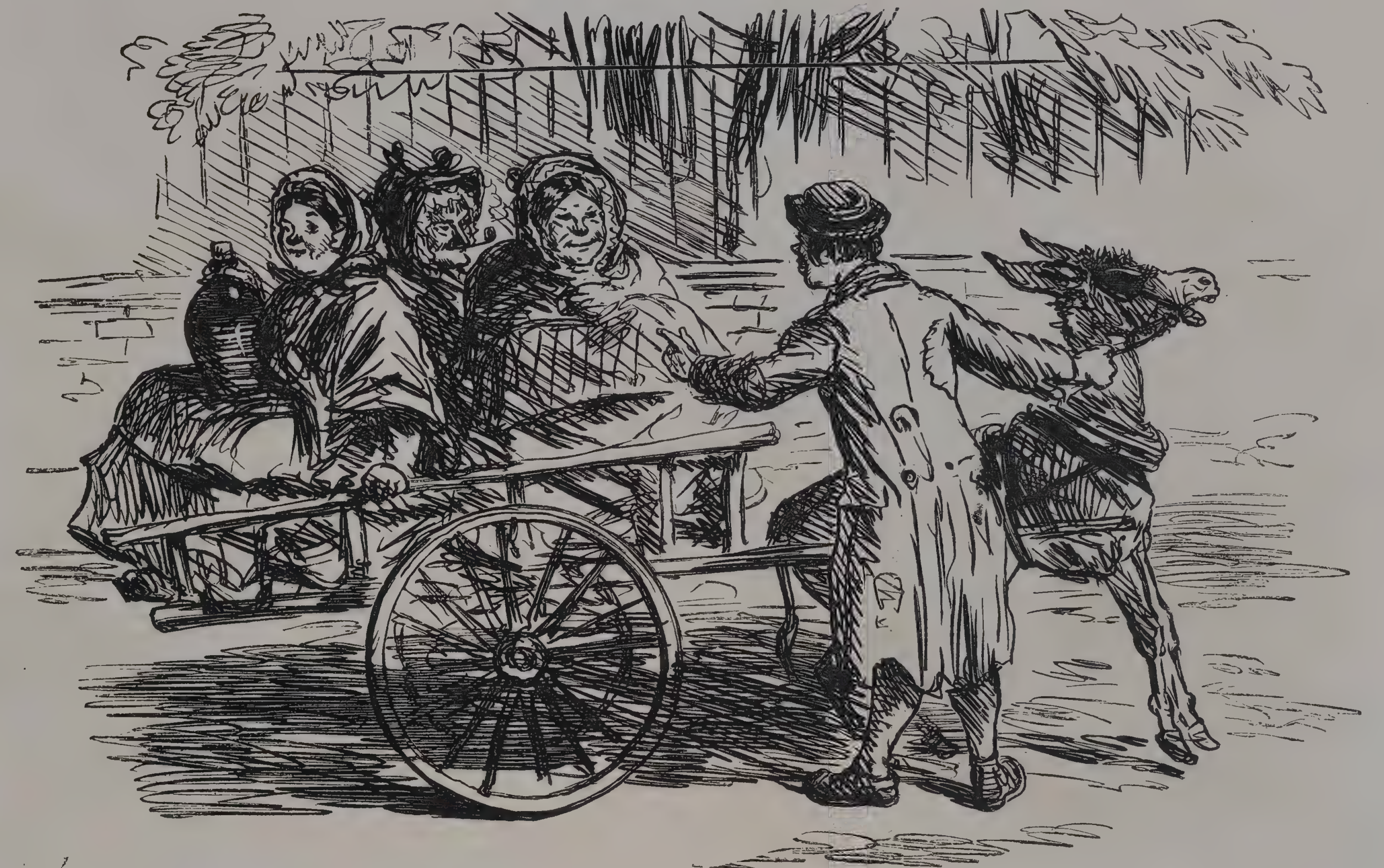


HOW TO BOTHER CABBY.

Fare. "HOW MUCH? NOW I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY! 'YOU'LL LEAVE IT TO ME;' BUT I WON'T HAVE IT. I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU!"



Carman. "I'D LEP OVER THE LIKES O' THAT WITH THIS LITTLE MARE."



NOTHING LIKE DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

Mrs. Buncher Greens. "DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT GOING TO HEPSON; IT AIN'T A FIT PLACE FOR FEMALES. GIVE ME HASCOT, IN YER OWN CARRIDGE."
Mr. B. G. "WELL, I TELL YER WHAT IT IS, SARER—YOU MUST TRIM THE BARRER A BIT, OR YOU'LL NEVER BE IN TIME FOR THE CUP!"



THE STEAMER.

OLD MR. SQUEAMISH, WHO HAS BEEN ON DECK FOR HIS WRAPPER, FINDS HIS COMFORTABLE PLACE OCCUPIED BY A HAIRY MOSSOO!



A CURE FOR THE BAWLING FISH-SELLERS AT WATERING-PLACES.



A WATERING-PLACE PLEASURE.

THIS IS THE EIGHTEENTH OLD FISH-FAG WHO HAS SCREAMED AND SHRIEKED, BUT BY NO MEANS THE LAST WHO WILL SHRIEK AND SCREAM, UNDER POOR OLD MR. TOMKINS'S WINDOW.



LONDON CREAM. THE PRODUCE OF WEST-END DAIRIES.

Cook. "DO YOU CALL THIS CREAM? WHY IT'S THINNER THAN MILK!"
Milkman. "OH, ALL IT WANTS IS WELL STIRRING UP—THE CREAM'S AT THE BOTTOM."



THE SENSATION NOVEL.

Clara. "YES, DEAR. I'VE GOT THE LAST ONE DOWN, AND IT'S PERFECTLY DELICIOUS. A MAN MARRIES HIS GRANDMOTHER—FOURTEEN PERSONS ARE POISONED BY A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL—FORGERIES BY THE DOZEN—ROBBERIES, HANGINGS; IN FACT, FULL OF DELIGHTFUL HORRORS!"



COUNTRY RACES.—STRIKING SIMILARITY BETWEEN AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

Starter. "YOU'D BETTER BE GOING, SIR; IT'S A START!"
Gentleman Rider. "OH, I'M ORDERED TO RIDE A WAITING RACE, AND I MAY AS WELL WAIT HERE AS ANYWHERE ELSE!"



RECREATION FOR THE HORSE GUARDS, WHEN REMOVED FROM KNIGHTSBRIDGE!

[AND HOW MUCH BETTER THAN IDLING IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE, OR FLIRTING WITH MAID SERVANTS.]



DE GUSTIBUS, &c., &c.

My LORD WILTON finds organ-grinding an "agreeable relief,"* and far be it from our wish that his Lordship's gratification should be interfered with. For our part, he is heartily welcome to our share of barrel-organ music for life, with this proviso, that he shall so place his favourite instrument that the comfort and repose of his neighbours cannot be disturbed.

* Vide Debate in the House of Lords, April 29, 1853.



A SCENE IN BELGRAVIA—AND A FACT, TOO.

YOUNG LADY GOING OUT FOR A RIDE—ORGAN-GRINDER STRIKES UP—PONY REARS—CHILD NEARLY FRIGHTENED TO DEATH—NOT A CASE OF ILLNESS!—CAN'T INTERFERE—DIRTY RUFFIAN PLAYS ON, WHILE POLICEMAN EATS ORANGE.



THE TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

"AND JUST AS THEY WERE COMING ON SO BEAUTIFULLY, TOO!"



"THERE, MY BOY! IT ISN'T EVERYBODY WHO COULD DO THAT!!"



THE IDLE GOSSIPS.

Mrs. Gamp (to Mrs. Harris, sneering at the age of dear old Pam). "WHAT I SAY IS—HE'S TOO OLD TO BE A CONDUCTOR—WE WANTS SMART YOUNG CHAPS LIKE YOUNG DABBY AND YOUNG DIZZY!"



SONG FOR A POPULAR SONGSTRESS.



THE COLLAR MANIA.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE ORNAMENT FOR A GENT'S ALL-ROUNDER.



Lady. "INDEED, SMITH, I CANNOT BEAR THE LAUGHING AND NOISE DOWNSTAIRS—IT IS QUITE INTOLERABLE!"
Cook. "WELL, MAM! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO DEADEN THE SOUND; FOR THE NOISE UPSTAIRS IS EQUALLY ANNOYING TO HUS!"



SERVANTGALISM IN AUSTRALIA.—A FACT.

Domestic. "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, I HAVE AN HOUR TO SPARE, AND I'M A-GOIN' TO TRY MY NEW 'ORSE!"



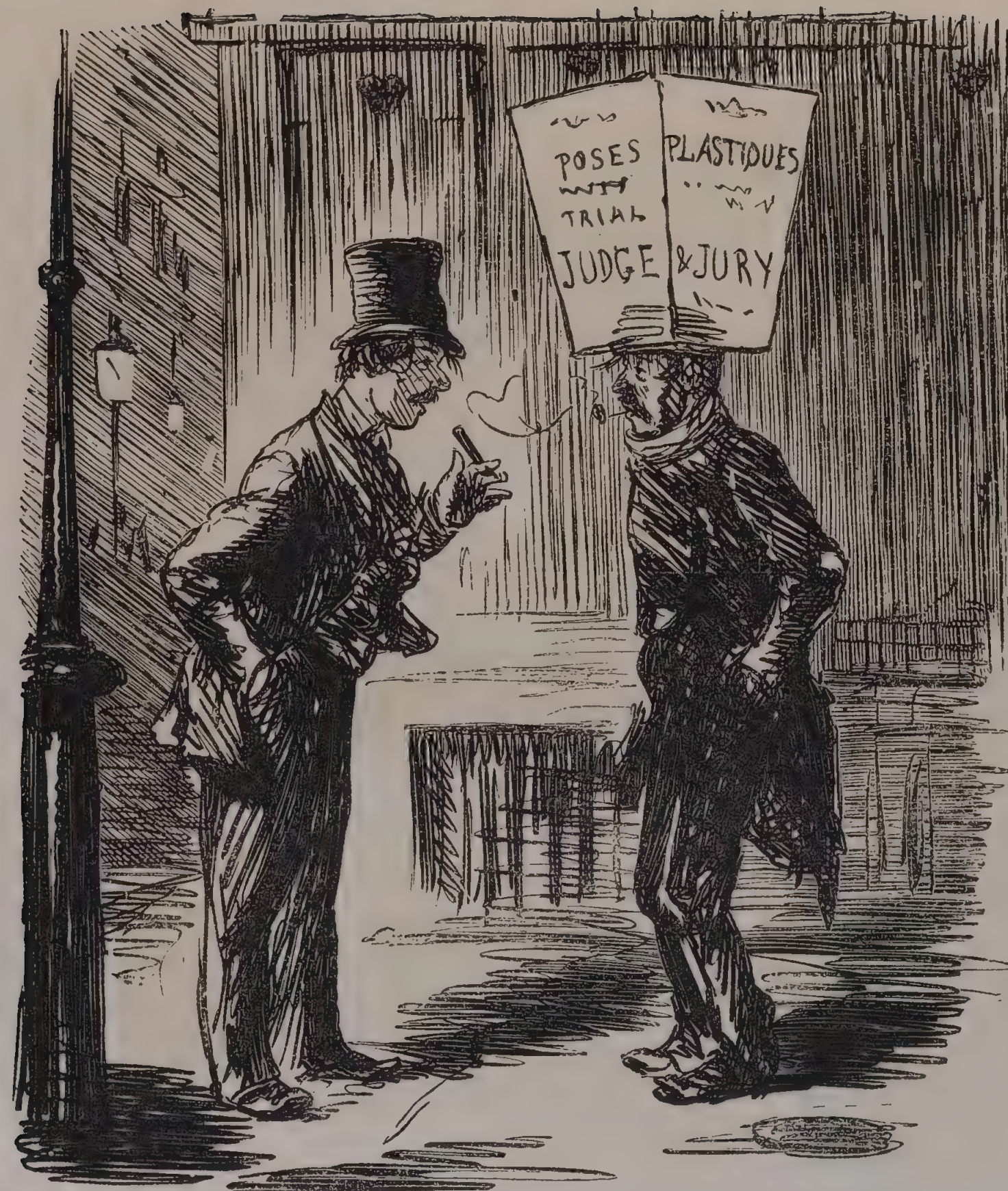
SERVANTGALISM.

Mary. "DID YOU CALL, MUM?"
Lady. "YES, MARY! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO WEAR YOUR HOOP BEFORE YOU HAD DONE YOUR ROOMS, BECAUSE YOU BROKE THE JUGS AND BASINS WITH IT!"
Mary. "OH, MUM! YOU SEE THE SWEEPS WERE COMING THIS MORNING, AND, REALLY, I COULD NOT THINK OF OPENING THE DOOR TO THEM SUCH A FIGGER AS I SHOULD HA' BEEN WITHOUT MY CRINOLINE!"



HAIR-DRESSING IN 1863.

Lady (looking at her watch). "DEAR ME, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS SO LATE. I THINK, PERHAPS, PARKER, YOU HAD BETTER GO AND DRESS THE YOUNG LADIES' HAIR."
Parker. "OH, MA'AM, I DID THAT THIS MORNING, AND IT'S ON THE DRESSING-TABLE READY TO BE PINNED ON!"

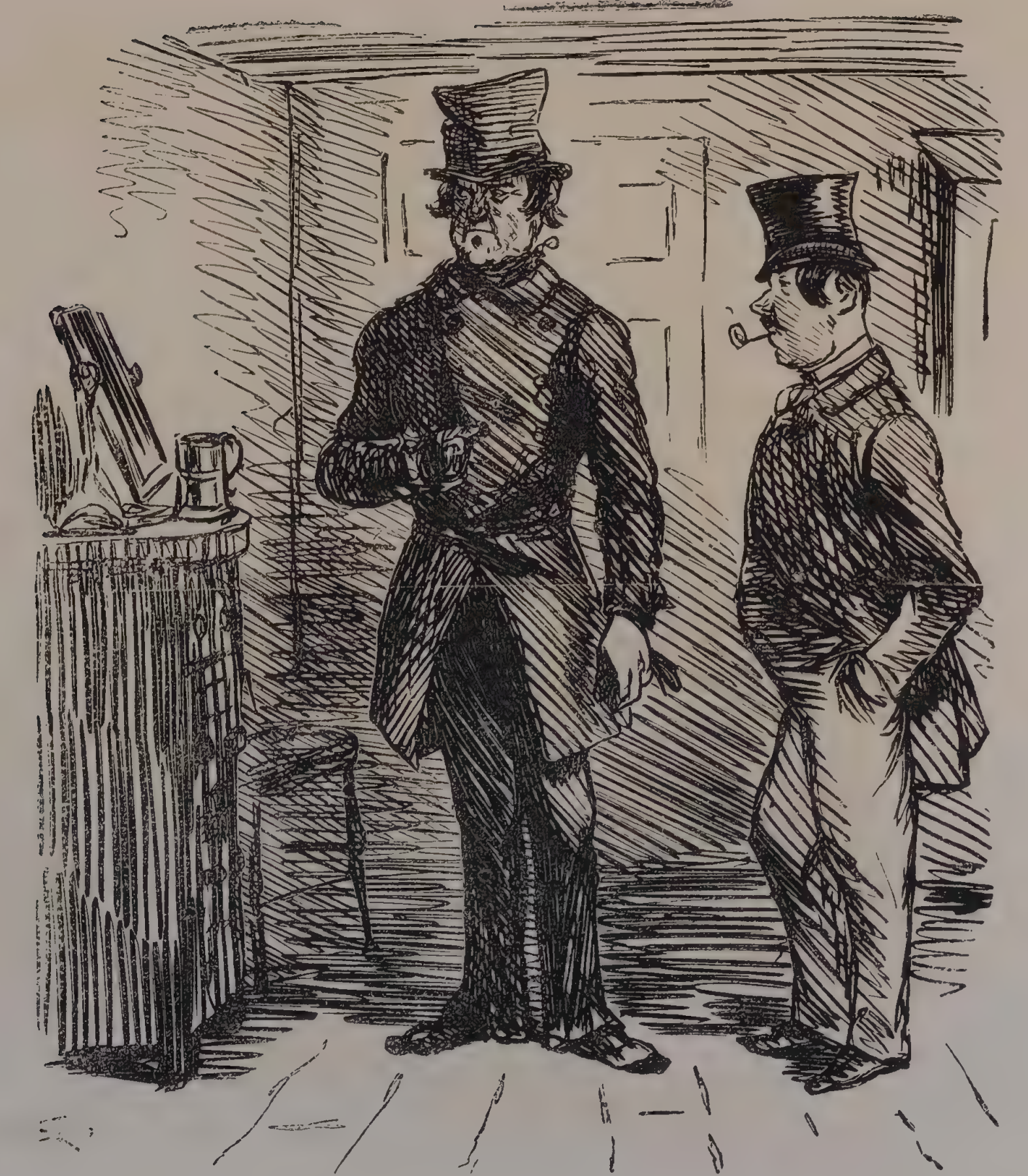


THE LOWEST DEPTH.

Inebriated Snob (to party with paper lamp). "WHICH IS THE WAY—TO—TO—THE P—P—POSES PLASTIQUES? WHY, HALLO! IS THAT YOU, JIM? HOW THE DOOCIE DID YOU COME TO THIS?"
Jim. "WELL—ALL ALONG O' THEM NIGHT PUBLICS, AND HERE I AM—AN 'ILLUMINATED ADVERTISEMENT!'"



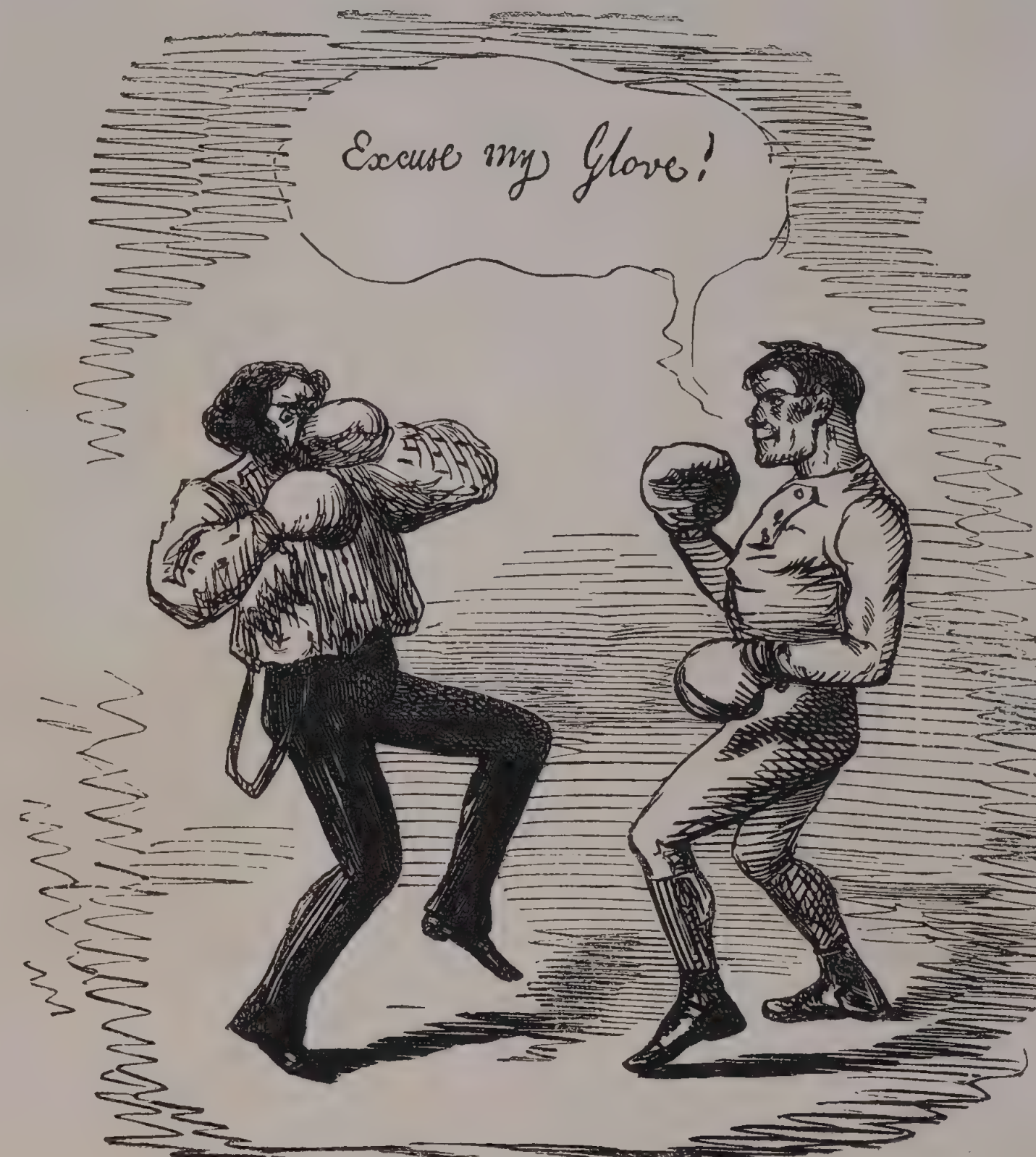
MR. G-O'RILLA, THE YOUNG IRELAND PARTY, EXULTING OVER THE INSULT TO THE BRITISH FLAG. SHOULDN'T HE BE EXTINGUISHED AT ONCE?



Great Unrecognised. "TELL ME, HORATIO!—OR RATHER, I SHOULD SAY, BILL—DON'T YOU THINK THERE'S A GOOD DEAL OF GAMMON ABOUT THIS TERCENTENARY AFFAIR? THIS WANT OF HAMLETS, TOO. I FANCY I KNOW A PARTY BETTER THAN ALL YOUR KEMBLE, OR MACREADYS, OR FECHTERS."
Bill. "HAH! AND I THINK I COULD TELL 'EM WHERE TO FIND A VERY DIFFERENT ROMEO TO ANYTHING THEY ARE LIKELY TO GET."



DISCOMFITUDE OF OLD MR. J—N—S, WHO, ON VISITING A PRIVATE COLLECTION, MISTAKES "PETER," THE GREAT HORNED OWL, FOR A STUFFED CAT,



STUNNING POLITENESS.



A STREET FIGHT.

Wife of his Bussum (to Vanquished Hero). "TERENCE, YE GREAT UMMADAWN, WHAT DO YER GIT INTO THIS THRUBBLE FOR?"
Vanquished Hero (to Wife of his Bussum). "D'YE CALL IT THRUBBLE, NOW? WHY, IT'S ENGYEMENT!"



NATIONAL DISGRACE.

"LET LAWS AND LEARNING, ARTS, AND COMMERCE DIE, | BUT LEAVE US STILL OUR OLD ABSURDITY."—*Young English Ballad.*



THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Waterman. "VAT TIME WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR HOT WATER SIR?"



BEFORE PAYING HER RESPECTS AT ST. JAMES'S.

AFTER PAYING HER RESPECTS AT ST. JAMES'S.



Gipsy. "HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN?"
Pretty Gent. "OH! LAWK! DON'T MENTION IT!"



BEHAVIOUR IN THE BALL-ROOM.



FISH OUT OF WATER.



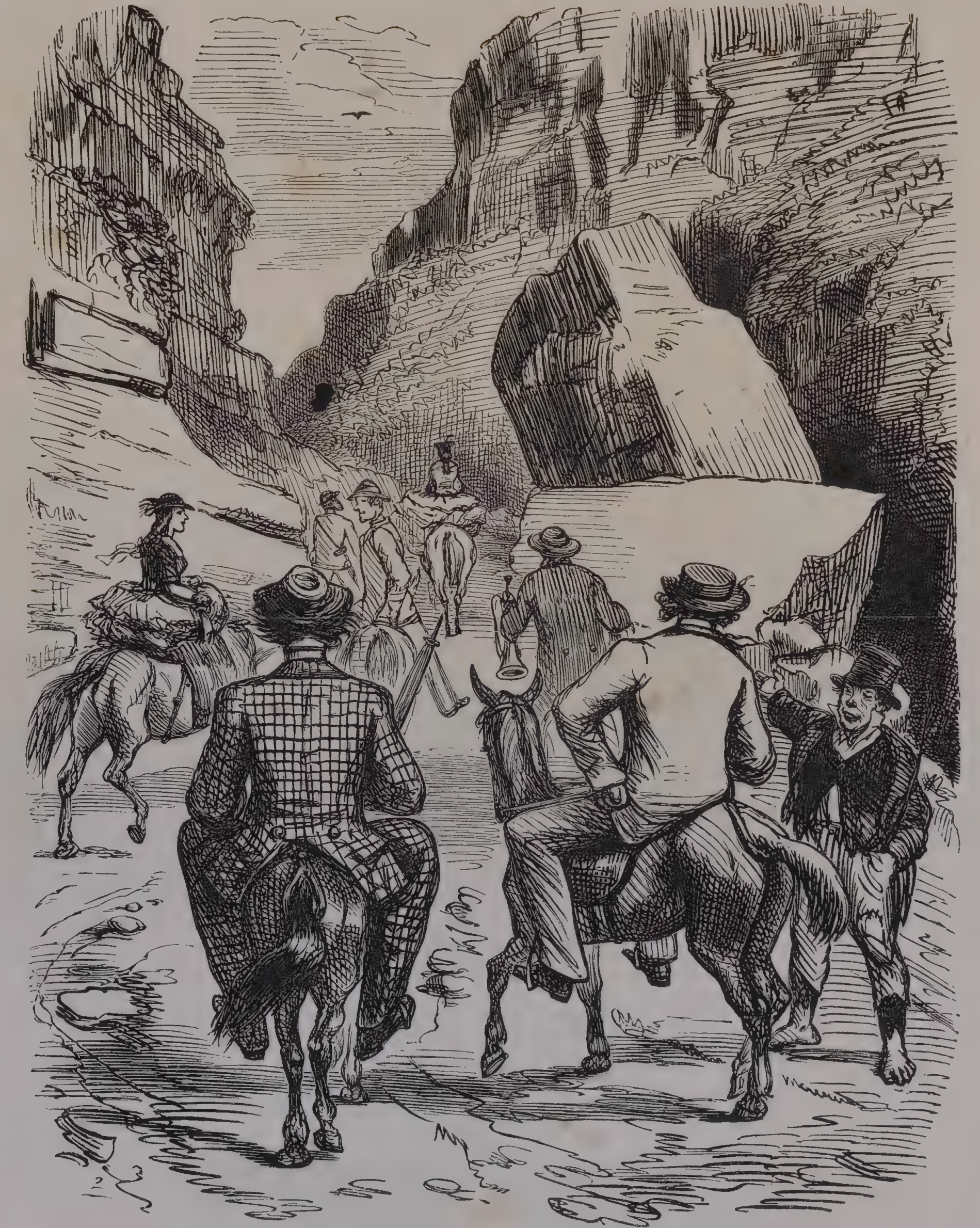
STREET BOYS.



THE BLARNEY STONE.



THE MALVERN HILLS.



THE TURNPIKE—GAP OF DUNLOE



AN HOUR'S RIDE.



"RUN, BILL—RUN AND BRING HISABELLER
—HERE'S A CHIMNEY A-FI-ER!!"



A CHEAP HAT AFTER A GOOD SHOWER.



JONES, WHO CAN'T SLEEP WELL IN LONDON DURING THE HOT WEATHER, GOES TO HAVE A QUIET NIGHT IN A VILLAGE!!
Portrait of one of the Village Cochins, &c.



SPIRIT-RAPPING.
"CAN THAT BE A CREDITOR?"



A COCKNEY AT DIEPPE.



PEACE.—A SKETCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.—A SCENE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.



ANOTHER PRETTY LITTLE AMERICANISM.

Englishman (to Fair New-Yorker). "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU?"
Darling. "I GUESS YOU MAY—FOR I CALCULATE THAT IF I SIT MUCH LONGER HERE, I SHALL BE TAKING ROOT!"

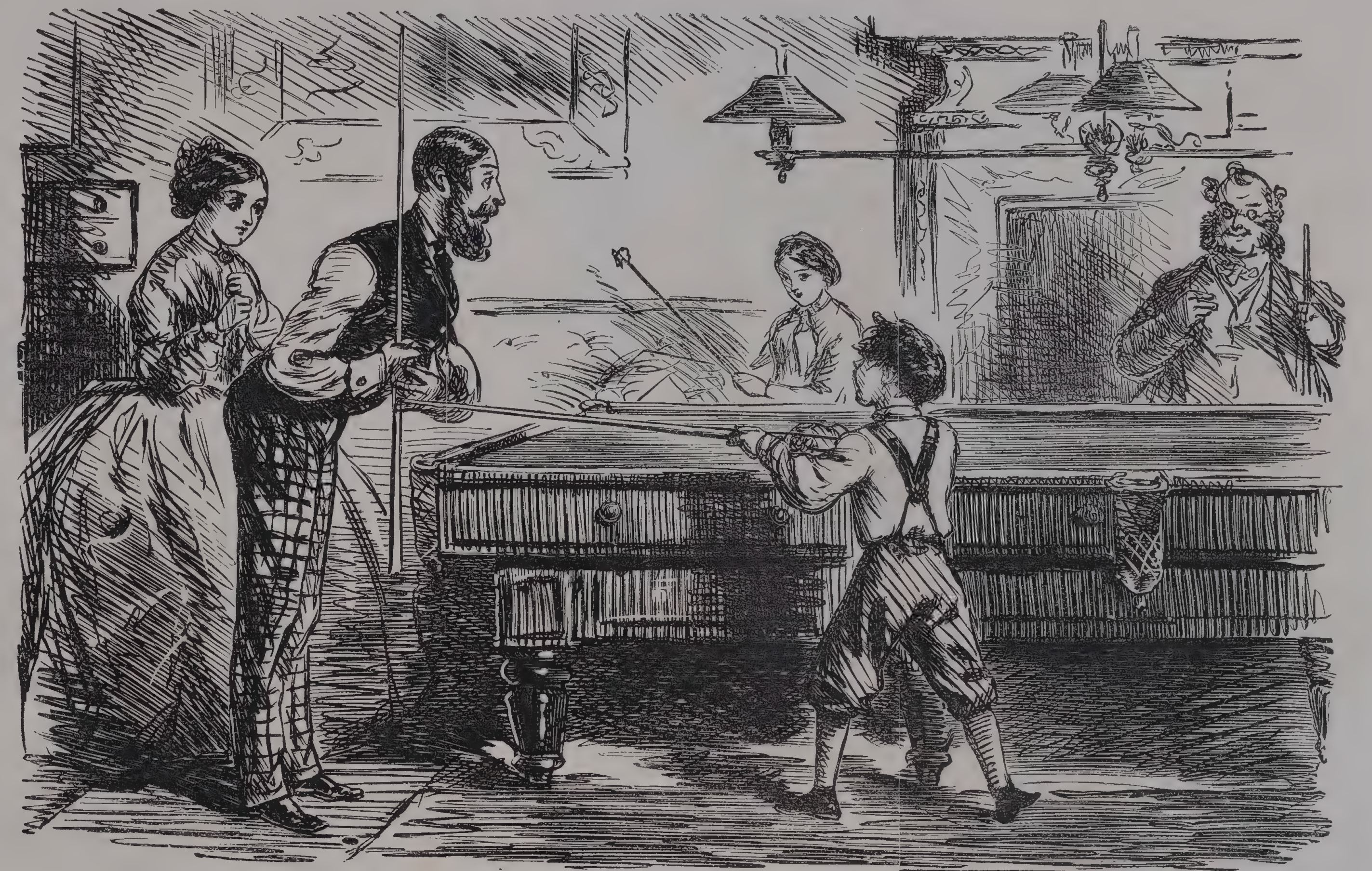


YET ANOTHER AMERICANISM.

"HERE, MARIA, HOLD MY CLOAK WHILE I HAVE A FLING WITH STRANGER!"



MR. SPENCER POFFINGTON MAKES A MORNING CALL. HE WILL WEAR AN EYE-GLASS—AND SKIPS LIKE LORD DUNDREARY—AND COMES TO GRIEF OVER A CROQUET IRON, TAKING A HEADER INTO THE ARMS OF LADY HONORIA BOUNCER!



BILLIARDS.

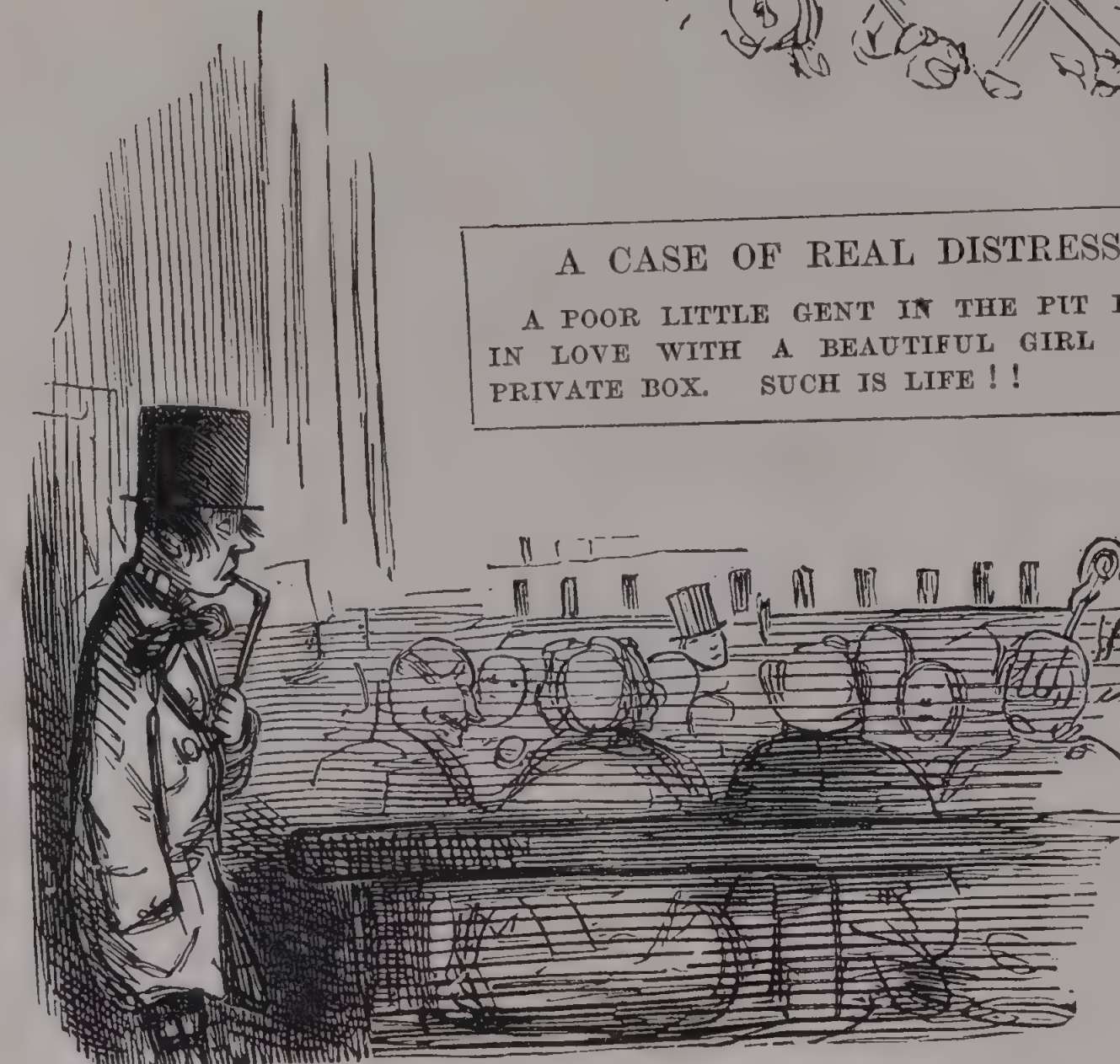
FRANK (to Captain Brother, poking him in the ribs with a cue). "OH, COME, TOM, THAT WAS A FLUKE—A BEASTLY FLUKE!"
 [N.B. The Captain having scored very neatly.]



Clara, "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW WAISTCOAT, DEAR?"
 Harriette, "WELL, I DECLARE IT'S SWEETLY PRETTY!—THE MOST—A—
 A—THE MOST SLAP UP THING I'VE SEEN FOR A LONG TIME."



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.
 A POOR LITTLE GENT IN THE PIT FALLS
 IN LOVE WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN A
 PRIVATE BOX. SUCH IS LIFE!!



A CRIMEAN GRIEVANCE.

"I TELL YER WHAT, BILL! I DON'T HALF LIKE THESE HERE MOUS-
 TARCHERS. THEY DO MOP UP SUCH A LOT OF GROG!"



UPON ONE OF THESE CREATURES MR. RAREY'S METHOD
 CAN MAKE NO IMPRESSION.



THE DINNER-BELL.



DEPARTURE OF THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR.—GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF PRECIOUS JEWELS.



THE LOOKING-GLASS DEPARTMENT OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.



BRITANNIA TAKING CARE OF THE SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.



THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE, APRIL 29, 1856.



SKETCH ON THE BOULEVARDS.



A YOUNG MAN OF UNBOUNDED WEALTH.



IMPROVEMENT IN IRISH AFFAIRS.

"WHOO!—WILL ANY JINTLEMAN BE SO ENGAGIN' AS TO
THREAD ON THE TAIL OF ME REGISTERED PALLYTOE?"



THE NEW COOK.

Missis. "WHY, MY GOODNESS, COOK! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT?
FIVE O'CLOCK, AND THAT HARE NOT PUT DOWN YET!"
Artiste. "CAN'T HELP IT, MARM. I NEVER KNEW ANYTHINK TAKE
SUCH A TIME TO PLUCK IN MY LIFE!"



Smith. "HOLLO! POSTER, AIN'T YOU PRECIOUS DRUNK, RATHER?"
Post Boy. "DRUNK! NOT A BIT OF IT."



PLEASURES OF VEGETARIANISM.

"OH, GRACIOUS, MISS LEGUME! I FEAR I HAVE TASTED ANIMAL FOOD. I HAVE
EATEN A WHOLE EARWIG IN MY SALAD!"



AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

Young Swell (who has just received promise of a Commission in a Highland Regiment), "NOW, GIRLS! WILL THE KILT SUIT MY CALVES?" Sisters (tittering). "REALLY, DEAR, YOU ARE TOO ABSURD!"



THE PLUNGER IN TURKEY.

"I SAY, OLD FELLAH!—DO YOU THINK IT PROBABLE THE INFANTRY WILL ACCOMPANY US TO SEBASTOPOL?"



SHOCKING INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

Enter Bachelor Brother (who has come from a long day of business). "THAT CONFOUNDED ORGAN, AGAIN! ALTHOUGH I TOLD HIM TO GO! BUT—PHEW!!—MY DEAR REBECCA, WHAT DREADFUL ODOUR IS THIS IN THE ROOM?" [The truth is, Rebecca, who is passionately fond of the Fine Arts, and of everything Italian in particular, has had the Pifferari, and a Grinding Russian to sketch from.—N.B. With regard to the organ-man, we can assure his admirers and supporters, that neither the individual nor his habiliments are half so foul as the English (!) language he can use when interfered with.



A LITTLE SCENE AT BRUSSELS.

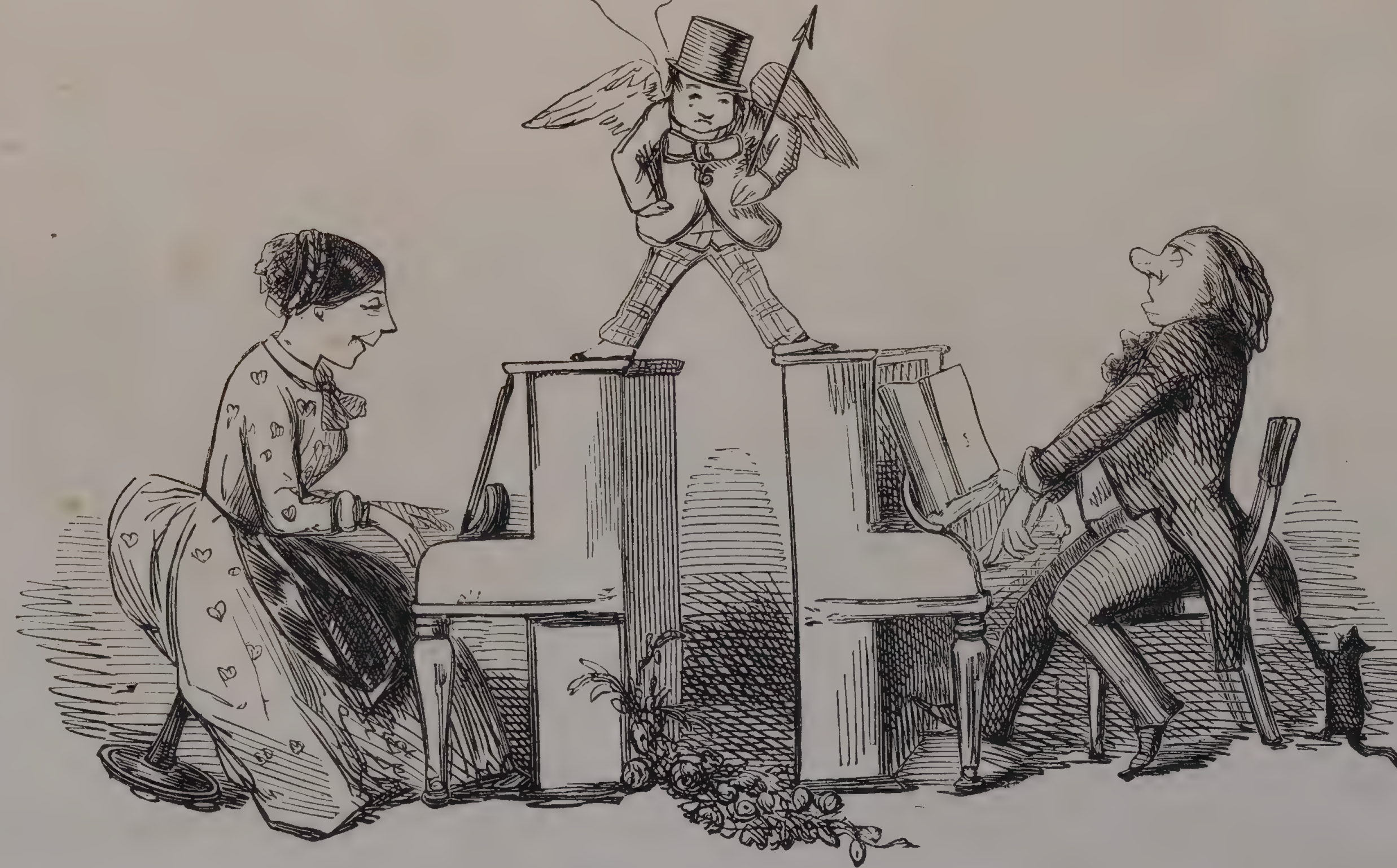
T—mpk—ns (who has just come down to breakfast). "HERE! I SAY, GARSONG! I WANT A KELKCHOSE FOR DEJEWNAY! DER KORFEE, AND DES HOOF, YOU KNOW!" (N.B. The Stout Party T. pokes in the ribs is a wealthy Belgian Swell.)

Heigho! They are making quite a snob of me.



A SCENE FROM THE DRAMA OF "THE RAILWAY BELLE AND THE RAILWAY RING."

DEDICATED TO M. SCRIBE.



MR. PUNCH'S SONGS OF THE HEART.

"WILT THOU LOVE ME THEN AS NOW!"

"DEAREST, THEN I'LL LOVE THEE MORE!"



THE MAY FAIR CLUB LADY SHOW.



"COFFEE AND TEA FOR THE FUTURE GIVE ME, THEY'RE THE DRINKS I MUST STICK TO, 'TIS CLEAR; FOR IT REALLY WON'T PAY TO LOSE A WHOLE DAY BY A HEADACHE OCCASIONED BY BEER."



The Ragged and Picturesque Don

Do with Policeman in the distance

The Clean and Respectable dodge

MEMBERS OF THE BEGGING PROFESSION,



Molly. "DON'T SAY SO! STINGY? YOU KNOW I'VE PAWNED MY VERY GOWN AND NOW—THE SHAMEFUL CREATURE THAT I AM—I'M GOING TO DO WORSE—AND ALL FOR YOU." [Cries. Z. (peeping round the corner.) "HOLD, EAGER JEALOUSY—HOLD HARD!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "I SAY, HARRIET—DO US A FAVOUR?"
 Pretty Cousin. "WELL, WHAT IS IT?"
 Juvenile. "GIVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR TO TAKE BACK TO SCHOOL."



WHAT WE COULD BEAR A GOOD DEAL OF!



THE RISING GENERATION.

Miss Flora Macfungus. "I DARESAY YOU THINK ME A VERY ODD GIRL; AND, INDEED, MAMMA SAYS I'M A GIDDY, THOUGHTLESS CREATURE, AND"—
 Partner. "OH, HERE'S A VACANT SEAT, I THINK."



ALL OWING TO JENNY LIND.

Old Gentleman. "WHY, FREDERICK, WHAT A DISGRACEFUL STATE YOU'RE IN, SIR!—WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"
 Frederick. "COULDN'T—GET A SEAT—SO—I'VE BEEN—TO—TH'—CLUB"



THE COSTERMONGER AS HE IS

AND

AS HE MIGHT BE.

(Coster (with hideous yell). "YA!—HO!—CAULIFLOWERS—HO!")

Coster (blandly and politely). CAULIFLOWER, MA'AM. YES, MA'AM! IS THERE ANY OTHER ARTICLE?"



"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MOTHER'S TOOK THE LOTION, AND RUBBED HER LEG WITH THE MIXTURE!"



THE EARTHQUAKE WAS FELT, TOO, IN MANY PARTS OF LONDON. THIS IS OLD BEERY, THE CHURCHWARDEN, WHO DECLARES THAT WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY THE PAVEMENT HIT HIM ON THE NOSE, AND THAT HIS STREET DOOR WOULDN'T LET HIM GET HIS LATCH-KEY IN.



AWFUL TALE OF AN EEL



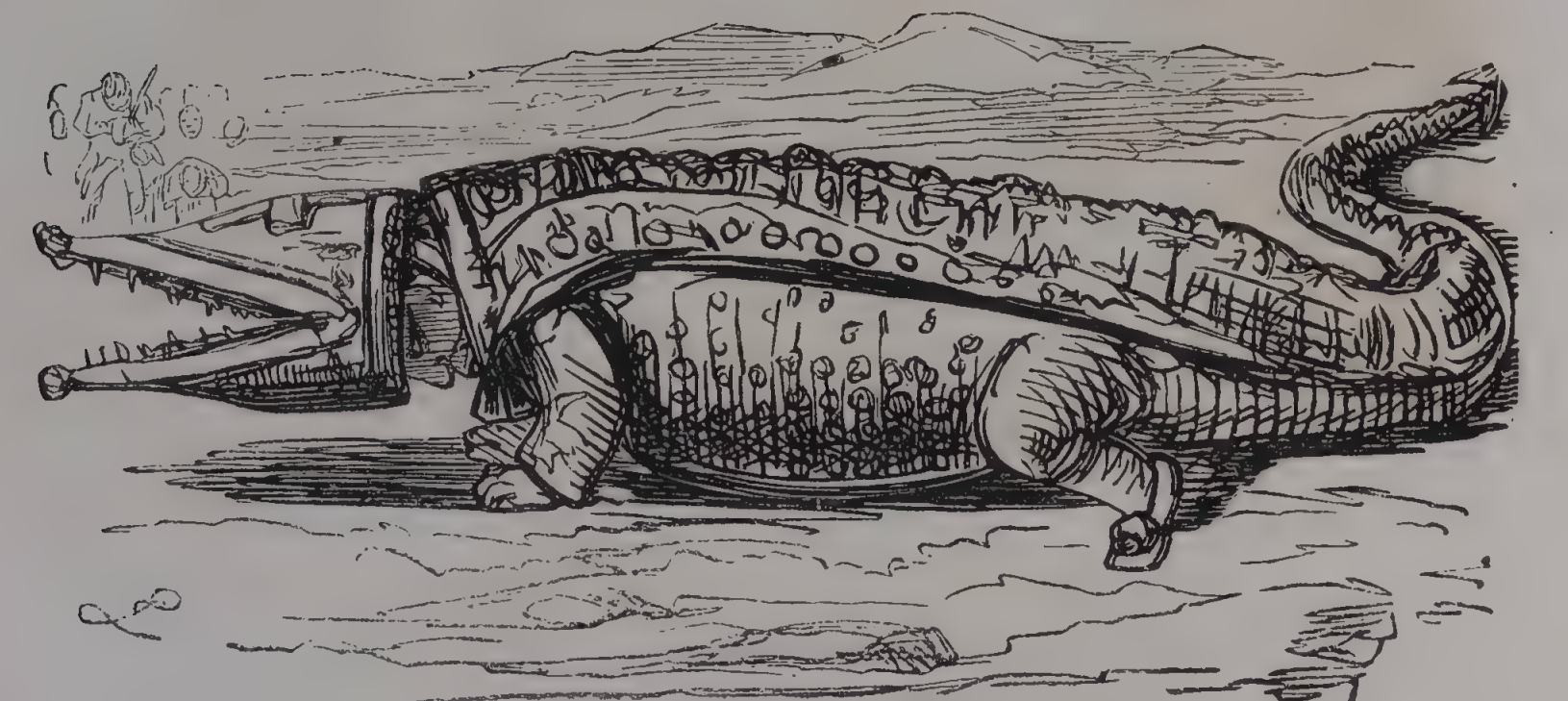
Oratorian. "IS YOUR MISTRESS WITHIN, MY DEAR?"
Maid-of-all-Work. "OH, HELP! HELP! HERE'S A BOGIE, MISSUS! HELP! HELP!"



"HA! SAY'ST THOU. (Aside.) GET TO THE O.P."
"AY! BY THE MASS. (Aside.) CUT AWAY."
"HAVE AT THEE, THEN!"
"THY LIFE OR MINE. (Aside to the Orchestra.) NOW THEN!"



RICHARDSON'S "GHOST."



THE BEGINNING OF THE SPANISH GIANT.



THE END OF THE SPANISH GIANT.



A TRUMP CARD (IGAN)



HARD CASE.

A. B. Seaman. "HERE'S A GO, BILL! YER MIGHT KNOCK ME DOWN WITH THE BUTT-END OF A MUSKIT, A'MOST! BLOW'D IF THE GAME AIN'T OVER, AND WE AIN'T HAD NO INNINGS!"



THE LADIES AND THE POLICE—THE BATTLE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



"THIS IS YOUR BED, SIR!"



MR. LOTHBURY'S NIGHTMARE.



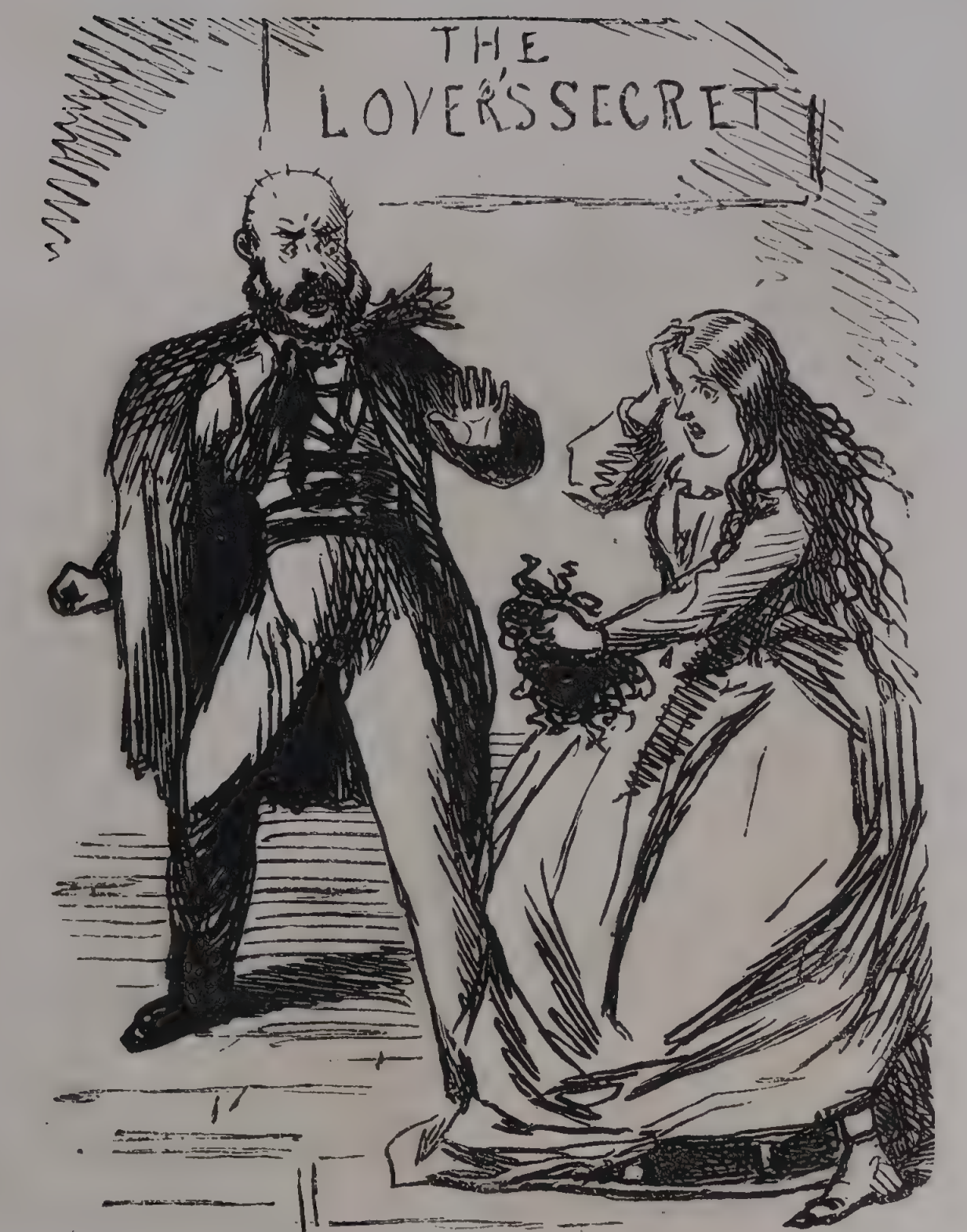
THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.



SHE HAS CAUGHT THE FISH



HORROR OF JOHN THOMAS ON FINDING THAT
UPPER SERVANTS ARE TO PAY THE IN
COME TAX.



"ALL'S REVEALED!
YOU HAVE YOUR LOVER'S SECRET IN YOUR GRASP!
I COULD NOT, DARED NOT, OWN I WORE A WIG!"

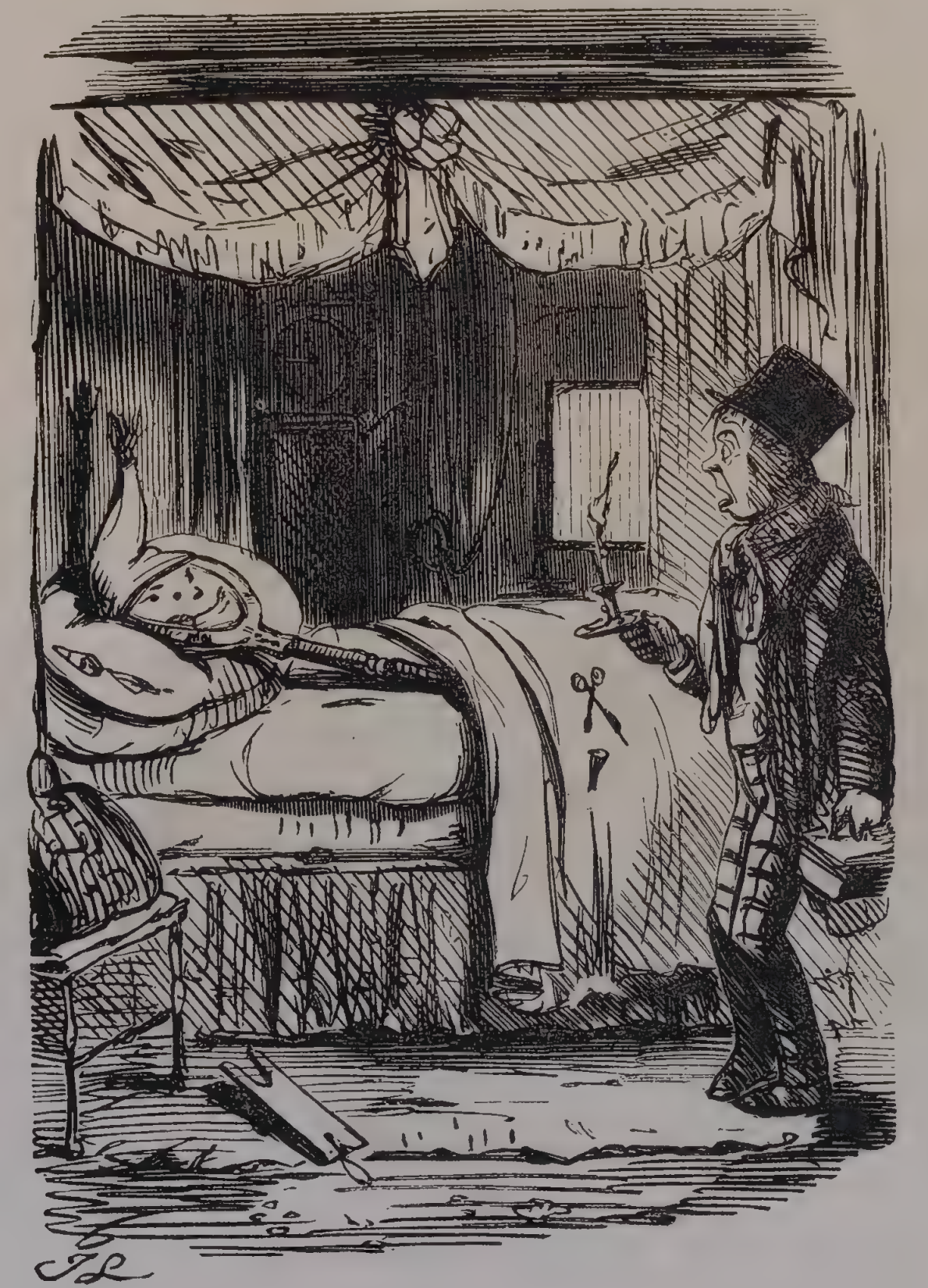


A SEVERE FRIGHT.



THE USE OF ADULTERATION.

Little Girl. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MOTHER SAYS, WILL YOU LET HER HAVE A QUARTER OF A POUND OF YOUR BEST TEA TO KILL THE RATS WITH, AND A OUNCE OF CHOCOLATE AS WOULD GET RID OF THE BLACK BEADLES?"



THE HAUNTED BED.



TABLE TALK.



THE LADIES' LAP-DOG SHOW.



LOUD TALKING AT THE DOOR.—A DOMESTIC AFFLICTION



BRITANNIA TAKING CARE OF THE SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.



A GOSSIP WITH THE BAKER.



SENTIMENTAL CHARITY BOYS.



LACKADAISICAL BEADLE.

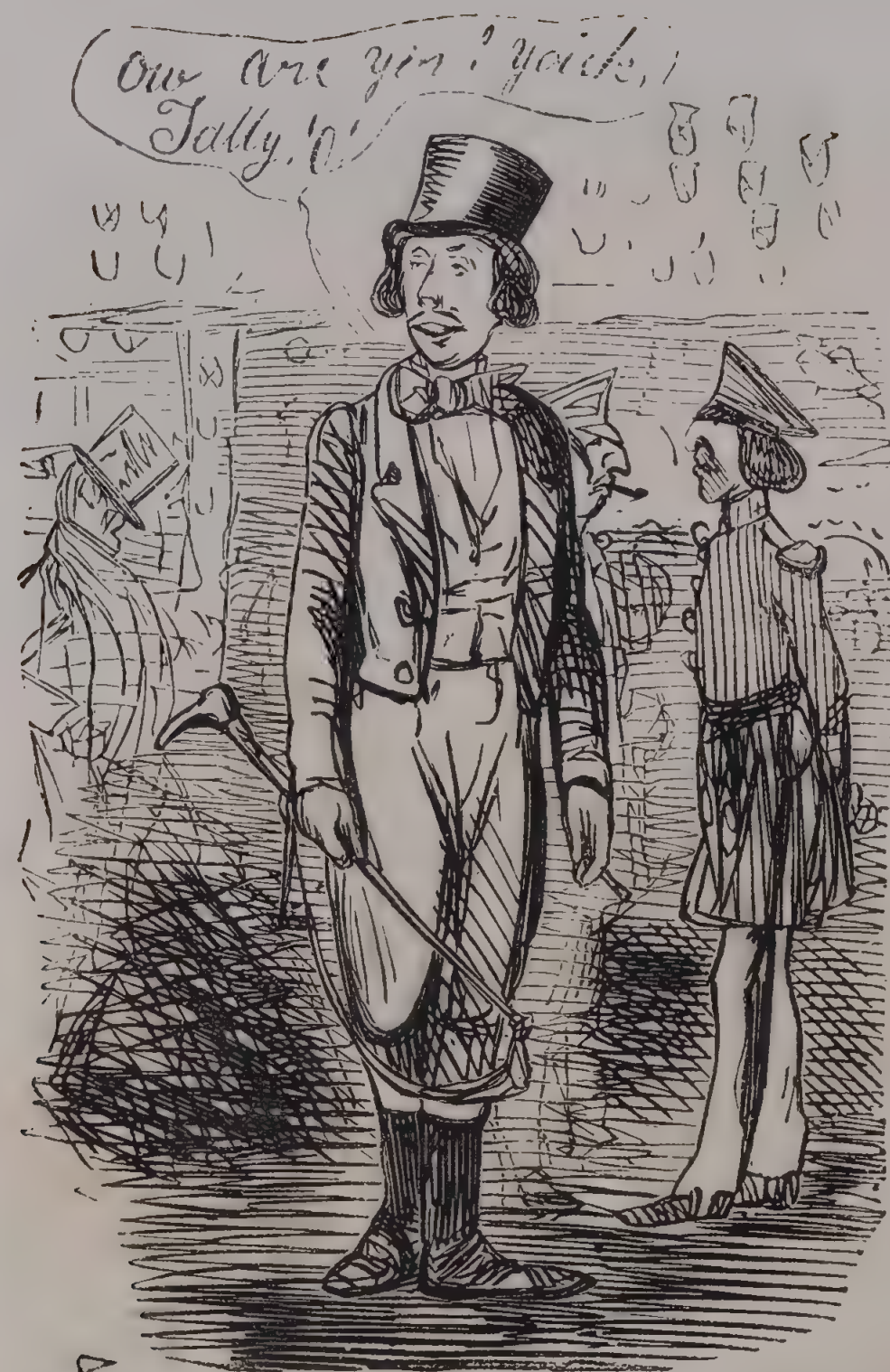


MR. DUNUP AND HIS CREDITORS.

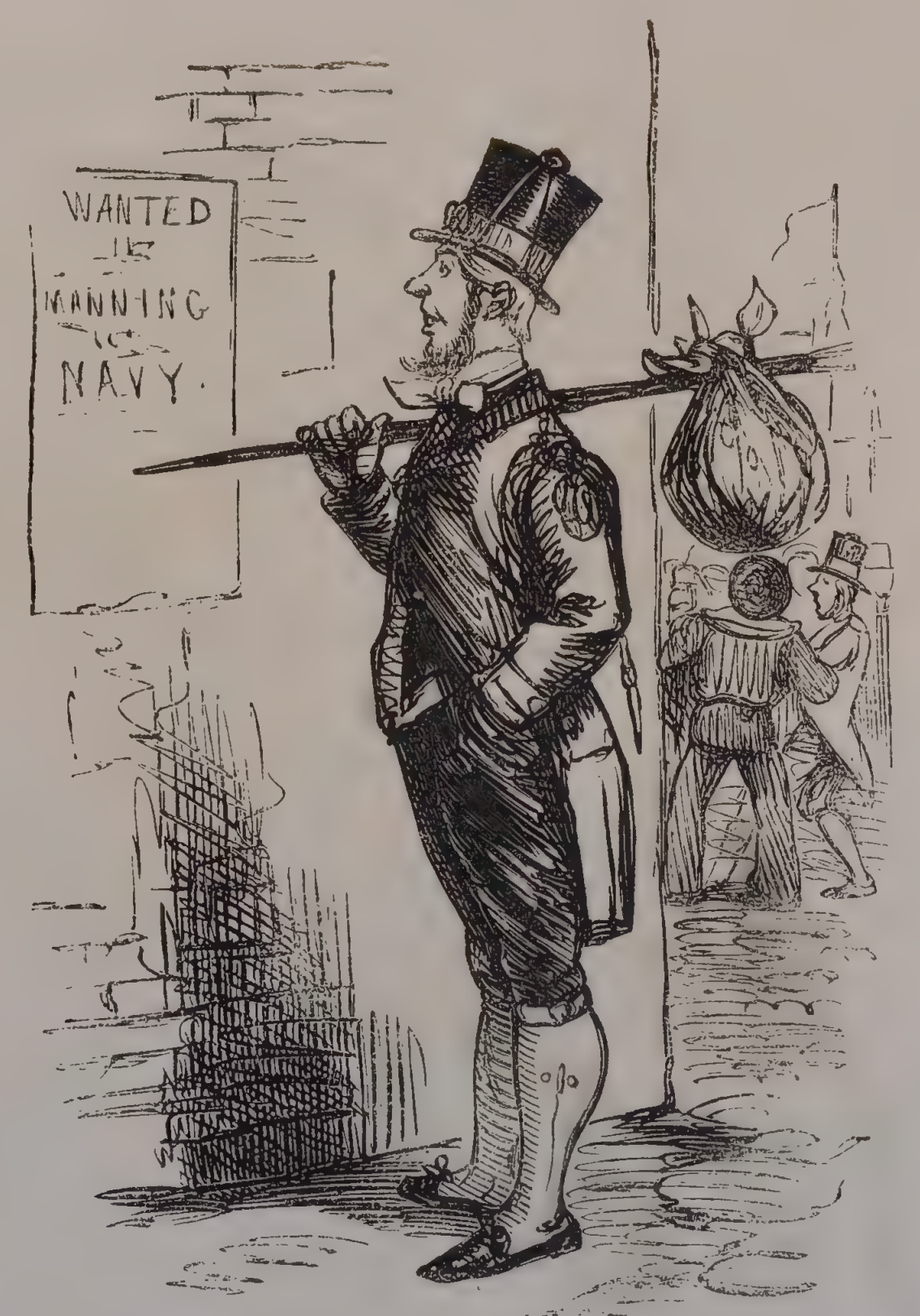


THE COTTAGE.

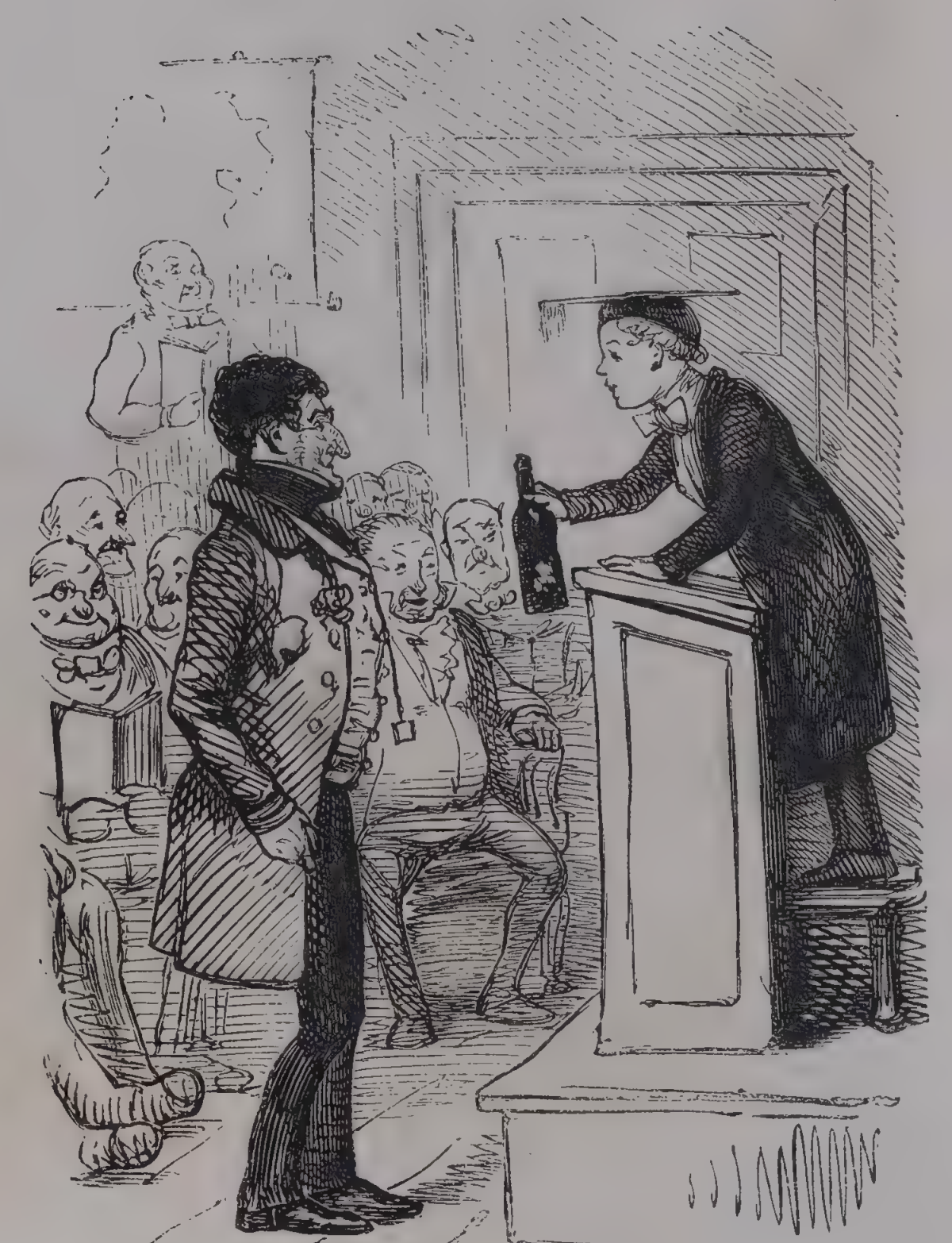
Mr. Punch (to Landlord). "YOUR STABLE ARRANGEMENTS ARE EXCELLENT. SUPPOSE YOU TRY SOMETHING OF THE SORT HERE! EH?"



CREMORNE.—A COCKNEY SPORTSMAN
AT A FANCY BALL.



SMART YOUNG MEN WANTED



A SCHOOL FOR OLD GENTLEMEN.



THE OCEAN BRIDE.



THE STABLE.

Landlord. "YES, MR. PUNCH, NICE, CLEAN, AIRY BOXES PLENTY OF LIGHT PERFECT DRAINAGE AND VENTILATION; THE BEST OF FOOD AND WATER, AND KIND TREATMENT. THAT'S MY PLAN!"



THE FAT GHOST.



IN PARIS IN 1848.—A BRITISH MATRON TURNED REPUBLICAN DRIVES HOME HER HUSBAND.



"OH! HERE'S A COUPLE OF JOLLY MUSHROOMS!"



IN PARIS IN 1848.—THE BRITISH MATRON MOUNTS GUARD OVER HER BETTER HALF.

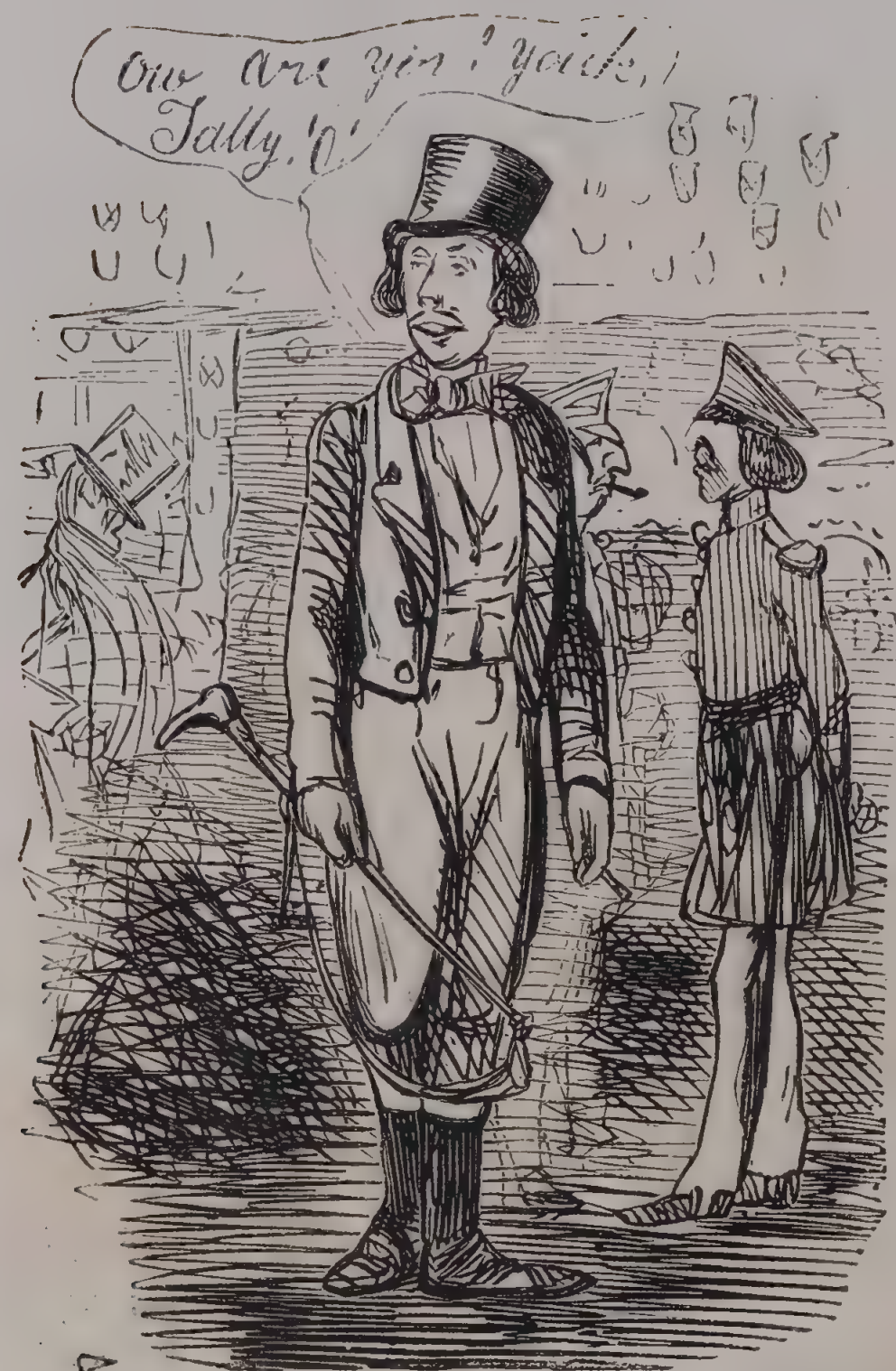


MR. DUNUP AND HIS CREDITORS.

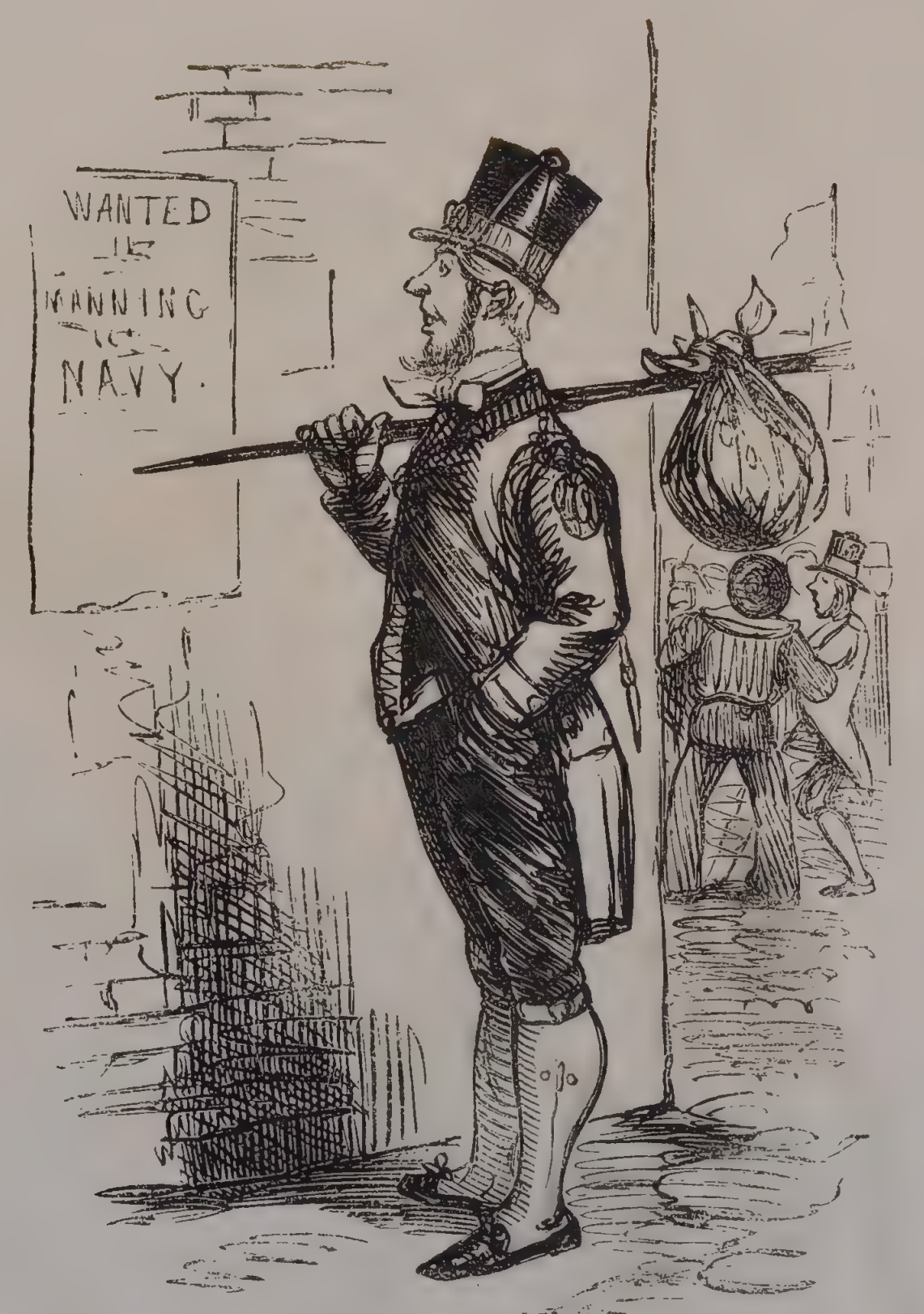


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Mr. Punch (to Landlord). "YOUR STABLE ARRANGEMENTS ARE EXCELLENT. SUPPOSE YOU TRY SOMETHING OF THE SORT HERE! EH?"



CREMORNE.—A COCKNEY SPORTSMAN
AT A FANCY BALL.



SMART YOUNG MEN WANTED



A SCHOOL FOR OLD GENTLEMEN.



MILITARY MOVEMENTS.



A LITTLE BIT MORE OF BLOOMERISM.



SINCERE GRIEF AT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Omnibus Man. "OH, WHAT A HORRID SHAME TO PULL DOWN SUCH A B-B-B-BE-AUTIFUL B-B-B-BUILDING."



MR. BOOBY RETURNS FROM A BALL.



MR. BOOBY DELIVERS A LECTURE AT THE POTTLETON ATHENÆUM.

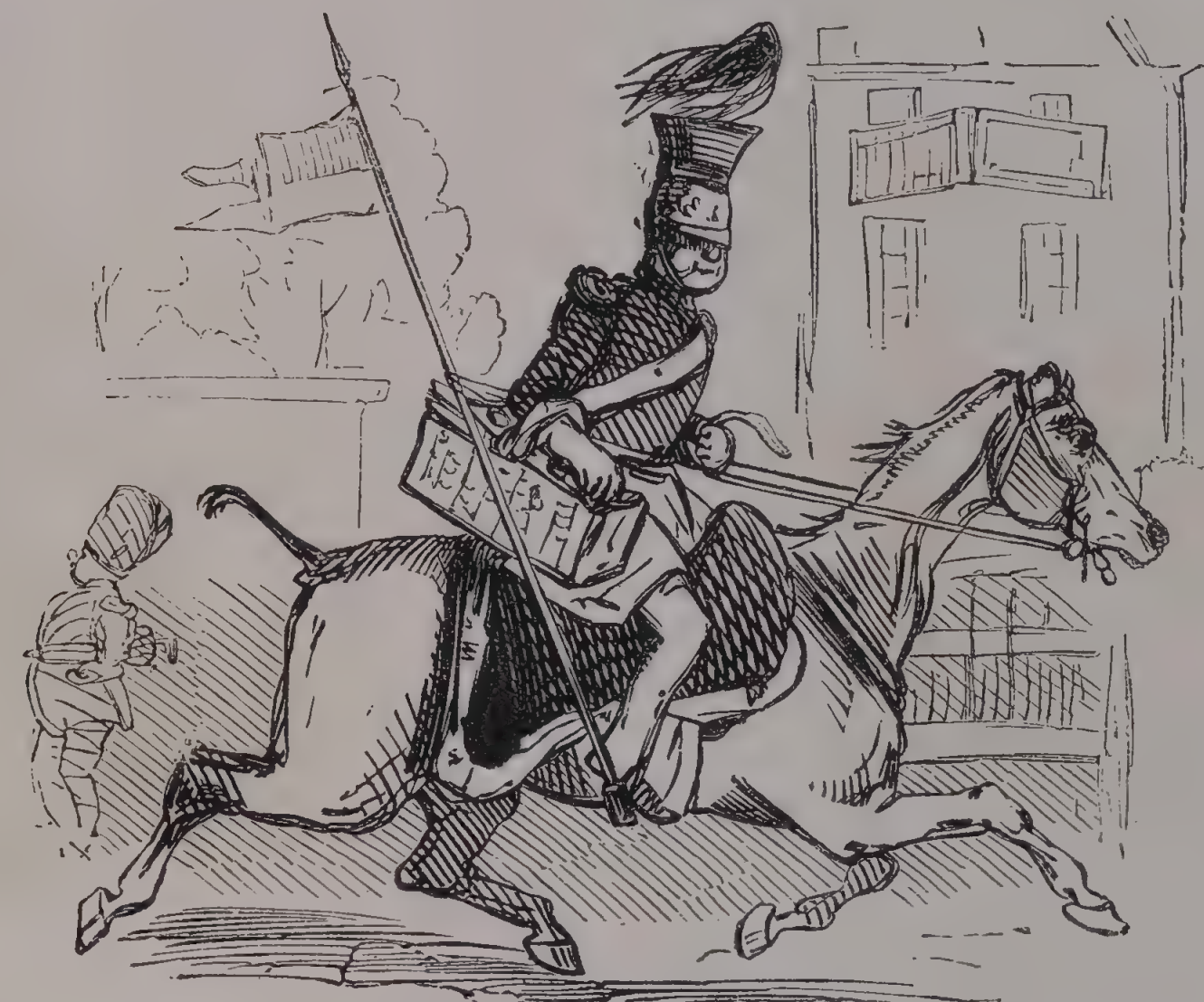


WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH.—AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.



WHAT VOLUNTEERING MAY COME TO.

FROM OUR BROOK-GREEN CORRESPONDENT.





MY POLKA BEFORE SIX LESSONS.



Prince Albert. "SAVE ME, DEAR PUNCH, FROM THESE MOST RIDICULOUS FRIENDS!"



MY POLKA AFTER SIX LESSONS.



"AU REVOIR, PICCOLOMINI."



PROTECTIONISTS.

Tummus. "I ZAY, JIM, BE YOU A PURTECTIONIST?"
 Jim. "E'AS, I BE."
 Tummus. "WALL, I ZAY, JIM, WHAT BE PURTECTION?"
 Jim. LO'OR! TUMMUS, DOAN'T 'EE KNAW?"
 Tummus. "NAW, I DOAN'T."
 Jim. "WALL, I DOAN'T KNAW AS I CAN TELL 'EE, TUMMUS; VUR I DOAN'T EZAKERLY KNAW MYSEL!" [Exit.]



"BRAVO! LABLACHE!"



THE LOVE OF THE TURTLE.



OH! THE PLEASURES OF THE PLAIN.



LATEST FROM BRIGHTON.—A SELL.

Invalid. "LOOK THROUGH THIS TELESCOPE. IT IS A VERY GOOD ONE. . . . YOU, SIR, ARE A GENTLEMAN OF FORTUNE AND POSITION IN THE WORLD."
Pater. "I HAVE NO RIGHT TO COMPLAIN."
Invalid. "I WAS ONCE IN AFFLUENT CIRCUMSTANCES. . . . SPARE ME A TRIFLE—SAY, HALF-A-CROWN."
[Pater walks off rather hastily.]



BARTER.—A PROBABLE EFFECT OF PEEL'S MEASURES, AND CONSEQUENT SCARCITY OF COIN.

Lady. "HOW MUCH WOULD A DRESS OF THIS COME TO?"
Linendraper. "WE COULD DO YOU THAT, MA'AM, AT THREE SILVER FORKS AND A TEASPOON!"
Lady. "WILLIAM, GIVE ME MY PLATE BASKET."



OLD MR. JONES AS HE APPEARED WHEN ASKED FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME IF HE WOULD HAVE HIS DOOR DONE.



A SEVERE ATTACK OF INFLUENZA.



Navigator. "WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?"
Policeman. "WHY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE STATION HOUSE, IF YOU DON'T MOVE ON."
Navigator. "YOU TAKE ME TO THE STATION-HOUSE? TEN ON YOU MIGHT!"



Philanthropist. "WHAT NOW, MY MAN?"
Street Boy. "THEY'VE BEEN AND GONE AND SPIKED MY PEA-SHOOTER!"



A VERY DANGEROUS FELLOW.

"I SAY SAM, WHERE DID YER GET THEM MOOS-TARCHERS?"

"WHY, YOU SEE, 'ARRY, THEY MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A HORSIFER, AND THAT GOES A GREAT WAY WITH THE GALS."



A TORY PARTY (SAVE THE MARK!)

Mrs. Harris (a struggling Newsvendor). "STANERD! STANERD! ONLY A PENNY! PLEASE SUPPORT AN OLD 'OOMAN, DEAR GENTS!"
D-rby (to Dizzy). "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, GIVE HER A PENNY; AND TELL THE OLD GOOSE WE DON'T WANT HER CACKLE—PEOPLE WILL THINK SHE BELONGS TO US—JUST OPPOSITE THE CLUB, TOO!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

First Juvenile. "HALF-A-DOZEN CHERROOTS, IF THEY ARE GOOD."

Second Juvenile. "AND I SAY, OLD BOY, WHILE YER HAND'S IN, JUST FILL MY BOX WITH BROWN RAPPEE."



"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," WITH VARIATIONS.



THE LOVE OF THE NEW POLICE.

"GIVE IT THE HUMBUG!" SHE EXCLAIMED.



Little boy. "OH, MY EYE! THERE GOES EIGHTPENCE OUT OF A SHILLING!"



AT THE DOOR PATERFAMILIAS IS EXPOSTULATING WITH AN ORGAN-GRINDER, WHO IS DEFYING HIM WITH EXTREME INSOLENT, ALTERNATED WITH PERFORMANCES ON THE INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE. POLICEMAN (UNSEEN) IS IN THE KITCHEN, CONSIDERING WHETHER SUSAN'S COOKING OR MARY'S SAVINGS' BANK MONEY WOULD BE THE BETTER INVESTMENT.



THESE ARE THE LITTLE CHILDREN WHO CONVERT THE PARK RAILINGS INTO GYMNASIUM POLES, TO THE CONSTERNATION OF VOKINS'S HORSE!—



IN A BED-ROOM A MOTHER IS TENDING A SICK BOY, WHO IS SUFFERING FROM NERVOUS FEVER.

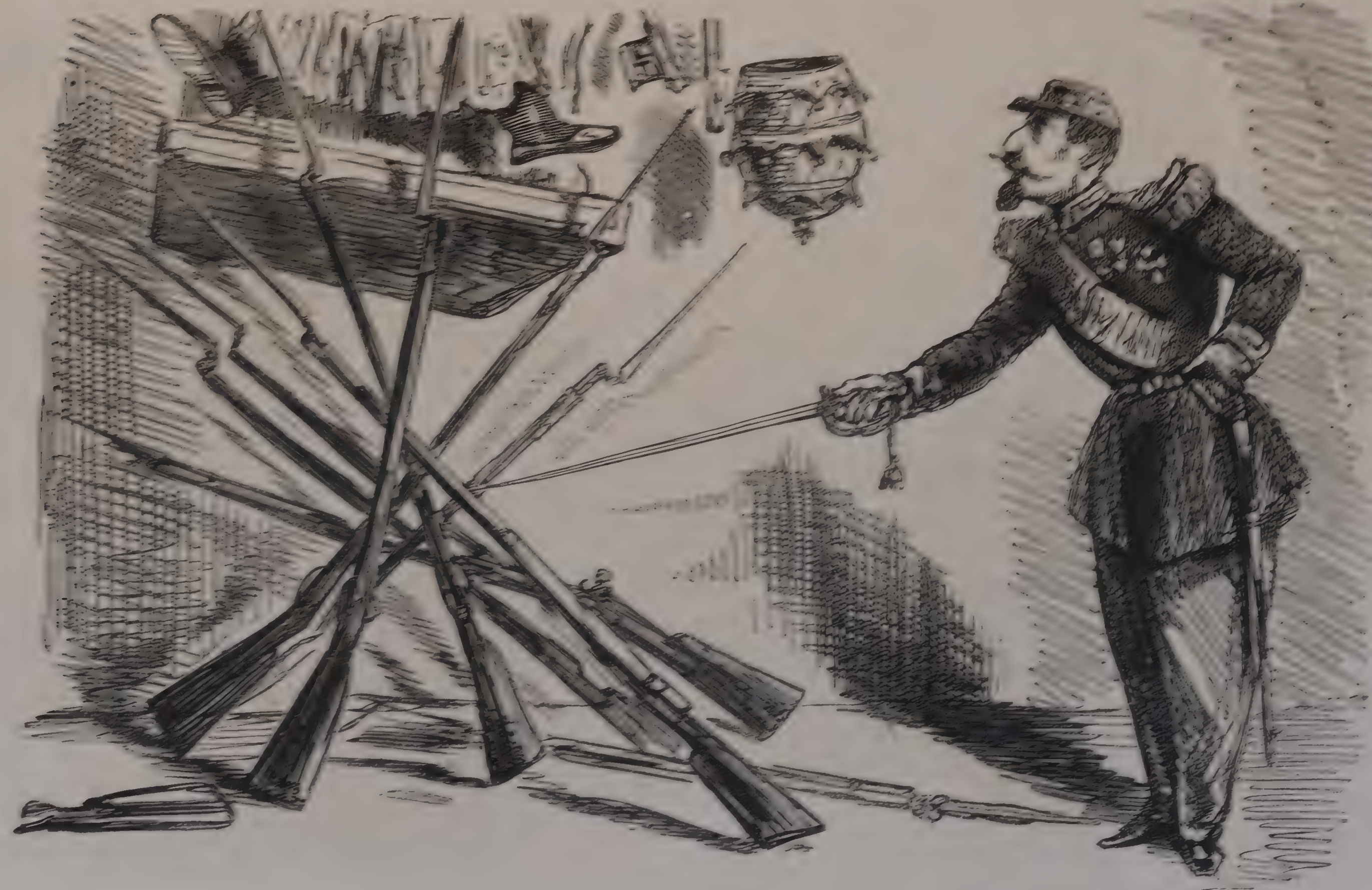


AND THIS IS ONE OF THE HYDE PARK KEEPERS HAVING HIS CARTE DE VISITE TAKEN.
[MORAL. Would it not be better if the Park Keeper attended to his duties a little?]

POST OFFICE



THE FAIRY POST-OFFICE.



RHODOMONTADE.

"I HEAR A VOICE SAYING, 'RHODOMONTADE' TAKE YOUR HAND FROM THE VERGE OF THE YEAR." &c. &c.
 "WELL, MR. BARRY, AND SUPPOSE HE DOES TAKE HIS HAND FROM, &c. &c., WHAT BECOMES OF YOUR PRECIOUS BROWN PAPER?"



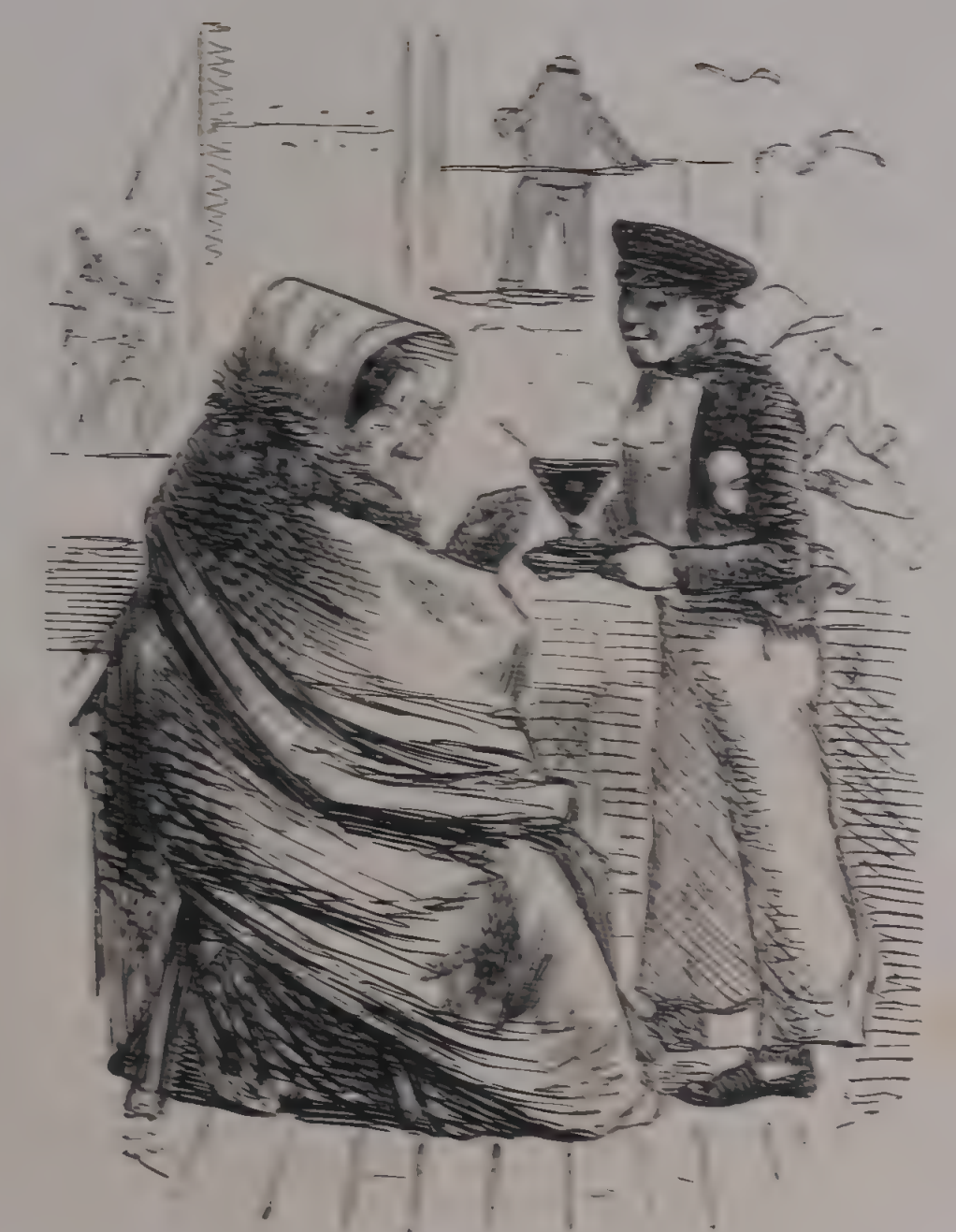
MR. JOSHUA BLOBS DETERMINES TO LEAVE "THE LAND ALONE."



SKETCH NEAR LEICESTER SQUARE.



IBRAHIM PACHA HAS THE TOLL DEMANDED OF HIM.



OFF THE FORELAND.

Old Lady (sighing). "NOW, MY GOOD MAN, I HOPE YOU ARE SURE IT WILL REALLY DO ME GOOD. BECAUSE I CANNOT TOUCH IT BUT AS MEDICINE!"



OLD BOYS.

Old Boy (log.) "OH, SHE'S A CHARMING GYURL, AND, UPON MY SAUL! I THINK SHE LIKES ME AMAZINGLY!"



A BREAK DOWN.



A FISH OUT OF WATER.

"UNCOMMON WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT THAT—VAY CLEVAR! I WONDER HOW MANY TUNES IT PLAYS!!!"



"OH! THAT THE AFFECTIONS OF WOMEN WERE ATTRACTED BY MIND."



GALLANT ATTACK ON STREET NUISANCES.



THE HAPPY HUSBAND



A GOOD OLD COMIC CLOWN WANTED.



LORD PALMERSTON'S PRIZE (AGRICULTURAL) BABY.



"OH, JOEY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE



PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR AS HE APPEARED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

ON A STRAIGHTFORWARD QUESTION BEING PUT TO THE NOBLE LORD AT THE HEAD OF AFFAIRS—HE IMMEDIATELY REPLIED BY SINGING—"HOT COD-LINGS," (From our own Rep orter.)



Mr. Punch to Mons. Jul—en. "LOOK HERE, MONS., YOU'RE A CLEVER FELLOW IN YOUR WAY, BUT LET THE BRITISH LION ALONE—H* ISN'T A POODLE!"



GREAT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS AT ST. STEPHEN'S.



"I KNEW VERY WELL HOW UNWELL I SHOULD BE."



Elderly Lady. "BUT I MUST REALLY BEG THAT YOU WILL TELL ME YOUR FARE. I CANNOT BE SUPPOSED TO KNOW YOUR BUSINESS!"
Cabby. "WELL, MUM—I DON'T THINK WE SHALL FALL HOUT—LET' SAY, THREE BOB AND A KICK!"



"I LOVE THEE NOT, UNCOMFORTABLE SEA."



HOW SIR JOSHUA JEBB WOULD HAVE THE BRITISH RUFFIAN TREATED.



BAIT FOR A BEAR.



SHOPPING.



THE MISSUS'S COMPLAINT.—SHE WILL WEAR CRINOLINE.



THE FANCY FAIR.

Eleanor. "YOU HAD BETTER BUY SOME OF MY CIGARS—COME, TAKE ONE!"
Young Swell. "A—A—THANKS, NO—I NEVER SMOKE!"
Eleanor. "WHAT! NOT IF I BITE OFF THE END!"



"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE," ETC., ETC.



THE GRAND NATIONAL ROSE SHOW.



A LESSON IN FRENCH.

"NOW THEN, JACK! YOU TAKE THE PRONUNCIATION FROM ME, AND WHEN HE COMES, SING OUT 'VEEV LUMPHOORAR!'"



THE TALKING FISH.



THE FAMILY BOX AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.



THE MOTHER-IN-LAW'S SWAY IS ABSOLUTE.



MANY HUNDREDS.



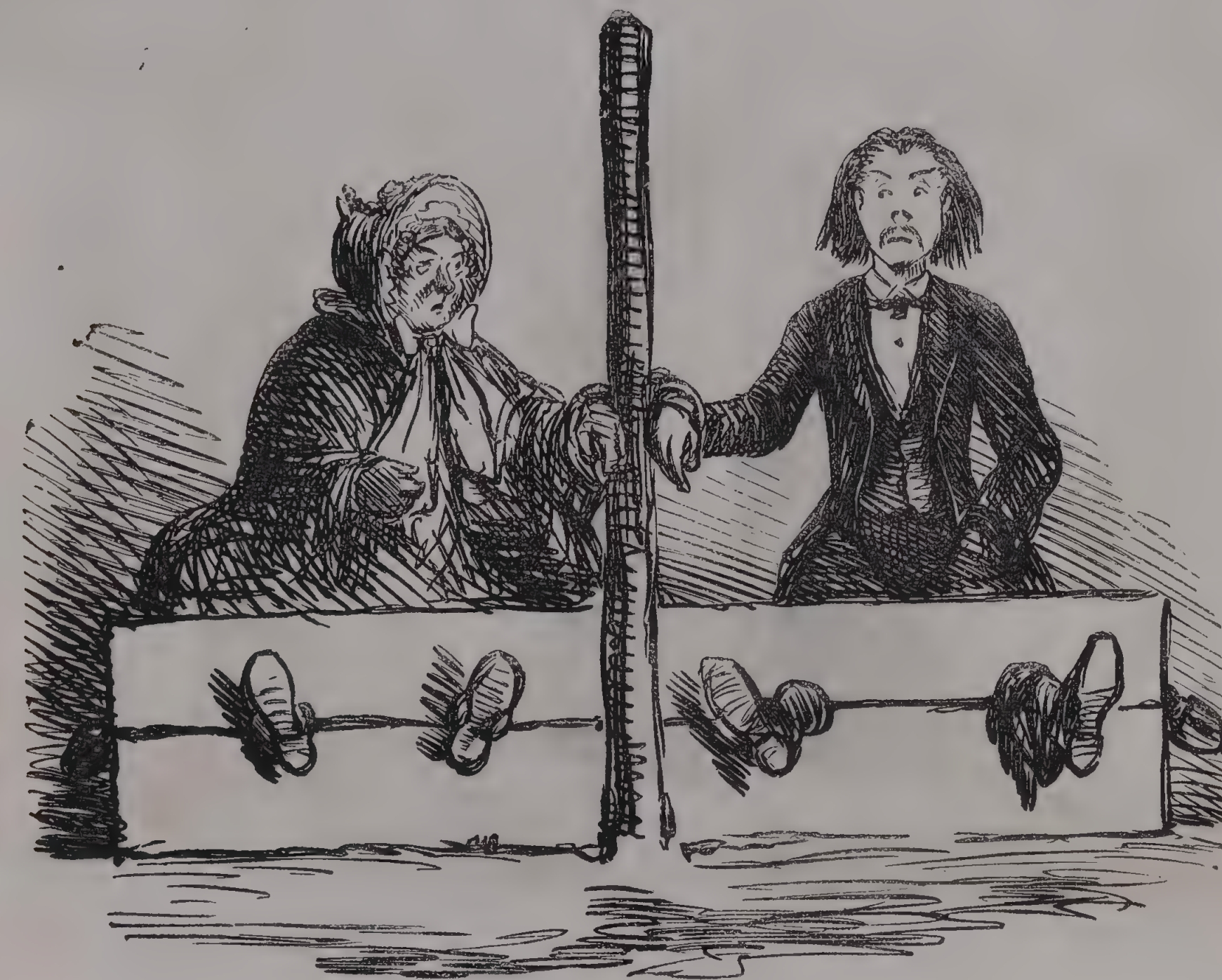
MANY DUTIES.

THE TWO PLURALISTS



MARCH OF LUXURY.

Customer. "HI! JAMES."
Potboy. "NOW THEN, WHAT IS IT?"
Customer. "JUST POP MY ARF-AN-ARF IN THE HICE
FOR A MINIT, THAT'S A GOOD LAD."



MATRIMONY; OR, AN INVESTMENT IN STOCKS.



LE LORD MAIRE AS HE GOES THROUGH THE
POOL (INCOG.) IS THANKFUL THAT HE IS
AN ENGLISHMAN.



A LAMENT.

"DRAT THE THINGS AND DRAT THE FELLER, TOO,
WHO MADE THIS HERE INVENTION,
WHICH I WISHES THEY'D BEEN SOMEWHERE'S FUST—
THE PLACE I NEEDN'T MENTION."



AN IRISH HOTEL.

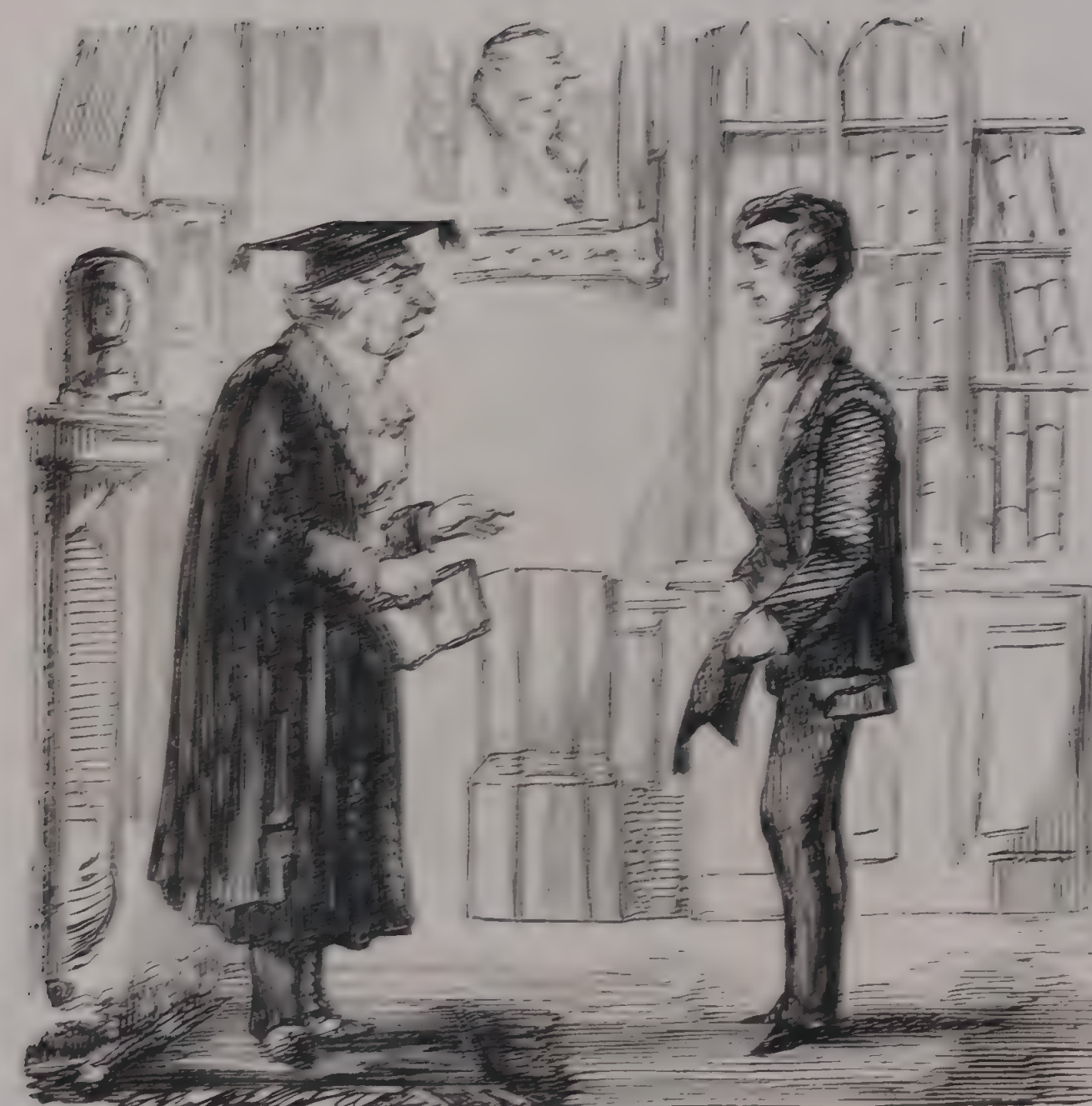
Trendle. "HOLLO! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU ABOUT WITH THAT GRIDIRON?"
Chambermaid. "TO BE SURE, IT'S YER HONOUR'S BED I'M WARMING; AND AIN'T OUR WARMING-PAN ENGAGED FRYING SAUSAGES!"



NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.—THE CAPITALIST OF THE MOCK-AUCTION



Elegant Party. THERE'S ONE COMFORT NOW-A-DAYS; A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG FELLOW, WITH A HELLEBANT FIGGER, CAN ALWAYS BE A MODEL TO A PHOTOGRAPHER!"



ACADEMIC COSTUME.

Dr. Bear. "PUT ON YOUR GOWN, SON."
Undergraduate. "GOT IT ON, SIR!"



GAME FORTIFICATIONS.



Dr. Bear (to Undergraduate). "PRAY, SIR, WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO TELL ME WHETHER YOU ARE A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY, OR A SCOTCH TERRIER?"



"WHEN I SAID 'T WAS YOU COULD RAISE THE FLAME,
MY LOVE, YOU DID BUT MOCK IT,
FOR DIDN'T YOU PUT A COAL O' FIRE
INTO MY NEW COAT POCKET?"



Magistrate. "NOW, SIR, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"
Nervous Gent. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR; BUT I WISH TO BE SWORN IN AS A CH-CH-CHARTIST—I MEAN AS A SP-SP-SPECIAL
C-CONSTABLE!"



"BEAUTIFUL STAR."

LORD ASHLEY'S MEASURE.—NO SUNDAY POST



Wife. "ART GOING OUT, TOM?"
Husband. "YES, LASS, I BE JUST GOING OVER TO RED
LION TO HEAR WHAT'S A DOING. YOU SEE, SINCE THESE NEW-
FANGLED POST OFFICE CHANGES, I CAN'T GET MY BIT OF A
NEWSPAPER O' SUNDAYS NOW."



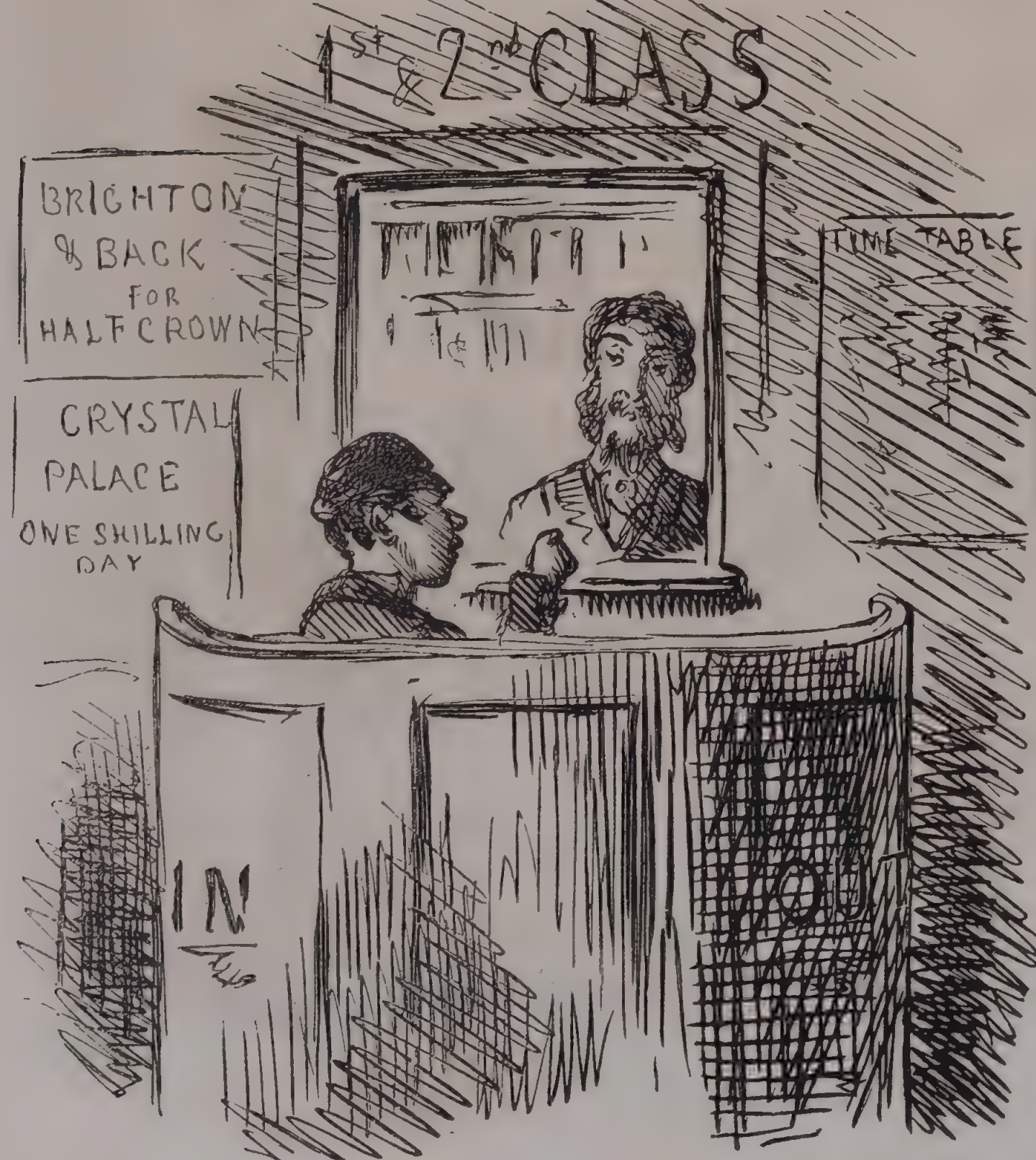
"OR! I WISH I KNEW HOW MY DEAR GIRL IS!"



"DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! I WONDER WHETHER WALKER'S
BILL WAS PAID YESTERDAY?"



Swindler (log.). "LURRAH FOR THE PURITANS, I SAY! I'VE
DONE EVERYBODY, AND NOW I'VE A CLEAR DAY'S START OF
THE BRUTAL POLICE AND MY INFAMOUS CREDITORS. VIVAT
CANT! NO MONEY RETURNED!"



ATTEMPTED FRAUD ON THE L. B. AND S. C. RAILWAY.

Boy (about fourteen). "HALF TO BRIGHTON."
 Clerk. "ARE YOU ABOVE THIRTEEN?"
 Boy. "NO, ONLY TWELVE LAST—"
 Clerk (interrupting). "THEN YOU ARE WHOLE PRICE!" [Sold.]



"DON'T CHECK HER, JACK; GIVE HER HER HEAD."



WHAT NEXT?

"LA, MR. TOMKINS, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T MEDDLE WITH WHAT DOESN'T CONCERN YOU. IF YOU MUST KNOW WHAT IT IS, IT'S AN AIR-TUBE DRESS EXTENDER."



THE BELLE OF THE SHANNON.



"JOCUND DAY STANDS TIP-TOE ON THE MISTY MOUNTAIN TOP."



A GENT AT COST PRICE.



A FIRST PEEP.



SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.



A PRETTY COOK.



TOO POPULAR BY HALF.

Boy (singing). "LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, OH LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, HIF I AD YOU BY MY SI-I-HIDE, OW APFY I SHOULD FEEL!"



Mary. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, IF YOU'RE DONE WITH THE INK, WILL YOU LET WILLIAM HAVE IT TO CLEAN YOUR BOOTS? BECAUSE IT'S ALL THE BLACKING WE'VE GOT IN THE HOUSE!"



A WIFE FOR SALE.
FROM A PURELY ENGLISH DRAMA, DEDICATED TO M. DUMAS.



CONSTERNATION BELOW STAIRS AT THE IDEA OF ABOLISHING CHRISTMAS-BOXES



FIANCO (FLEANCE) GUIDING ARTURO (MALCOLM) AND ELVINO (MAC-DUFF) TO THE BODY OF HIS PARENT.—*Vile Macbeth.*



A GENTLEMAN IN A SEARCH FOR A FOREIGNER FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF THE POLICE.



THE FOREIGN COUNT EXECUTING A BRAVURA.



Sabotage (snuggles). "I WISH THE DUKE HAD TO WEAR THAT D— SHELL JACKET OF MINE THIS COLD WEATHER!"



THE RECOGNISED TENOR OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE AT THE SEA-SIDE.



A CONTRETEMPS IN ROTTEN ROW.



"DEAR! HOW NICE!"



THE JOLLY ANGLERS.

Four of us went out fishing,
Mary, Fairy, I, and the man:
No use in grumble or wishing,
People may catch who can.

Mary was lucky that morning,
Lucky almost, I think, as the man,
And she laughed with her saucy scorning
As the fishes they filled her can.

The man was lucky in hooking:
Off the perch with his trimmers ran,
And he caught us a dish worth cooking,
As your Maidenhead fisherman can.

I caught nothing worth keeping,
Things about the length of a span;
When a gentleman's heart is leaping
He may strike a fish, if he can.

But Fairy, she made a capture,
On her darling own original plan,
And Fairy's eyes looked rapture
As her great soft violets can.

With a single line she made it,
O, such a line you'd have liked to scan!
One line, and the lady laid it
Where loving young ladies can.



"AND SO I AM A LORD."



MILITARY FASHIONS.



A WEeping WILL—OH!



A FRENCH STEEPLECHASE.



"MOSSOO" AT HOME.



CRINOLINE.



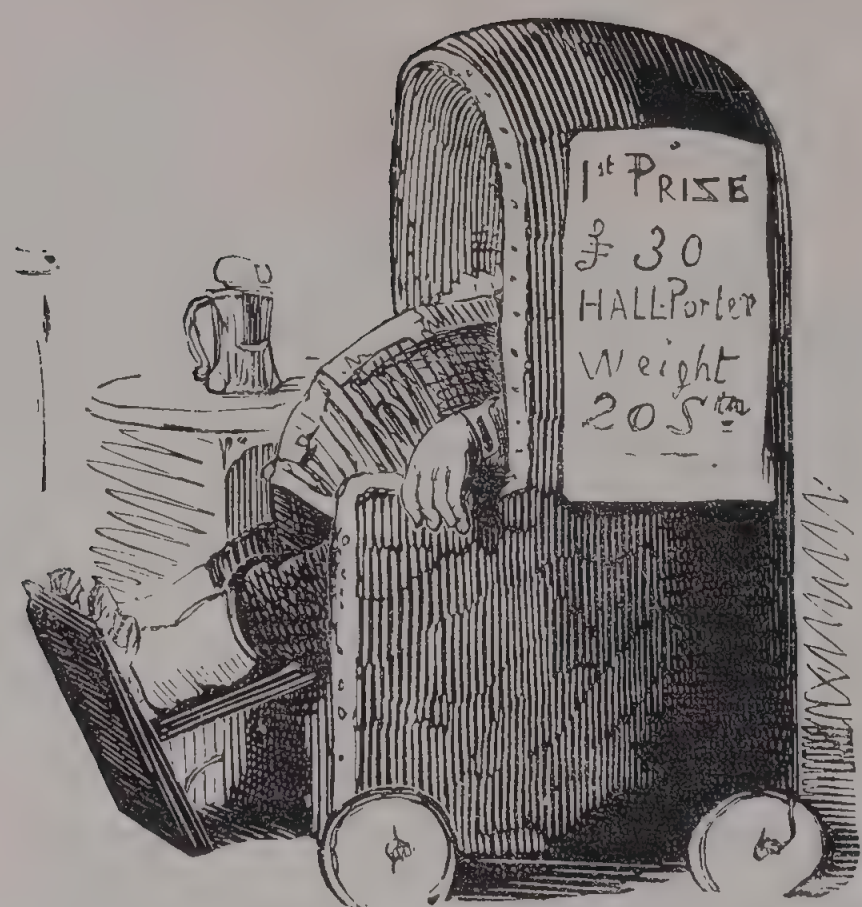
"OH, I SAY, LOOK HERE! SEE WHAT I'VE GOT."



THE LATEST STYLE.



"LE SPORT."



PRIZE HALL-PORTER.



A MILITIA MAN.



PRIZE FOOTMAN.



PRIZE PAGE.



PRIZE COACHMAN.



"HE WON'T BITE!"



A FINE POLISH.



GOOD BLACKING.



"NOW I'M PAPA."



LOVE'S LAST LESSON.

"WHO ART THOU?" CRIED THE INFURIATED HUGH.



THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

For the dance are many supplants; to win
her hand's a labour;
There was one, I saw, who claimed it, but
she look'd him queenly down;

There were coronets in waiting, he was but
a country neighbour,
Who was he who dared ambition such a
pride of place in town?



YE LOVESICKE KNYHTE.

SHE LET DOWN YE LADDERE, WHEN, OH! CURSEDDE
FATE!
ERE YE KNYHTE TOOK SIX STEPS UP, IT BROKE WITH
HYS WEIGHT!"



LECTURE BY OUR STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.



CHOICE OF A PROFESSION



AN INSPECTION.



THE FAVOURITE IN THE PADDOCK.



PROPOSED NEW UNIFORM FOR THE POLICE.



"IT'S QUITE TRUE, MUM!"



PRELIMINARY CANTER.



FINE HAUT-BOYS!



"WELL, JIM, HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE?"
 "NO, VAT IS IT?"
 "VY, COMMON GARDEN THEATYER'S TO BE TURNED INTO A HOPEA FOR THE MILLION! AIN'T THAT PRIME?"



"HOLD DOWN YOUR HEAD, PLEASE."



AT SCARBOROUGH.



TWO EXTREMES.



FANCY GOES A GREAT WAY.

"OH, HE'S AN 'ANSUM DOG, BUT HE AIN'T HALF SO 'ANSUM AS HIS BROTHER WERE!"



EVENING DRESS.



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